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ELECTION ISSUE

The Dead Hand of Seniority

Rep. Michael J. Harrington

Five Decades in Russia

Heroines, Everyman and D. W. Griffith

Karlinsky / Levin / Sklar

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EDITORIALS

Crisis and Aftermath

The almost simultaneous hijacking of four airliners by Arab terrorists confronts the air transport industry and the governments involved with an excruciating dilemma. But however the present predicament is resolved, whether by mass murder of the hostages or in some sort of deal, the problem remains. Nor is it confined to British, U.S., Swiss, West German, Israeli and other governments whose nationals are in the hands of the hijackers. Any government which operates an airline, or whose citizens are engaged in the air transport industry, is a potential victim. The Arab governments are as sorely beset as the governments of Western Europe and the United States, since the hijackings have dramatically revealed their impotence in dealing with the guerrillas operating from within their borders.

The proposed solutions fall under six heads. The first comprises electronic or other technological devices to detect explosives, firearms and other weapons on the persons or in the luggage of passengers. The best available information indicates that while detection equipment may prove of some use there is no present likelihood of preventing hijacking by engineering techniques.

Legal means are in approximately the same case. The hijacking problem calls attention to the need for world government, but the present era of contending nationalisms shows no signs of nearing its end. Concerted international action for the apprehension and punishment of air pirates must overcome many obstacles before it can be put into effect.

Psychological methods have been proposed. Some airlines are using, or propose to use, observers who are supposed to screen suspicious types as they board the airliner. A 50 per cent score in this endeavor would be gratifying. An Arab diplomat might be asked to stand aside for questioning, while an Arab guerrilla might look harmless; and of course the hijacking problem is by no means confined to Arabs.

A fourth solution of a kind is to shoot it out. This worked in the case of the El Al airliner in flight from Amsterdam to New York. Whether by skill or luck, the Israeli security guard killed the hijacker and his girl accomplice was overpowered. The next time the security guard might be killed, or both pilots, or the passenger cabin might be explosively decompressed. An airliner in flight is not a saloon in a TV Western.

On the whole, the proposal in the June 22 *Nation*, "Why Not Frisk?" and the comments by F. C. Wiser, president of Trans World Airlines (August 17) and Frank Martineau of the Air Line Pilots Association (July 20) at least warrant further serious discussion. There is something grotesque about the notion that individuals can buy a ticket and walk aboard a vehicle as vulnerable as an airplane weighted down with guns, grenades, and sticks of dynamite. The airlines have an obligation to protect their customers against the hazards of flight—mechanical, political, psychopathic and otherwise. The industry is in trouble already, and the trouble will grow worse if hijacking assumes epidemic proportions. Whatever delays and inconvenience may be involved, searching boarding passengers seems like the lesser evil.

The worldwide excitement and concern which the latest hijackings have aroused should not be permitted to divert attention from the fact that these have been acts of desperation. The Palestinian guerrillas enjoyed an upsurge of popularity in the wake of the Six Day War. But there is reason to believe that some of their support is ebbing. Clear goals of the hijackings were to embarrass Nasser and Hussein and to wreck any possibility, now or in the future, of Israeli-Egyptian-Jordanian negotiations.

No doubt there are Palestinians who admire the commandos, just as there are those who fear them, but there is probably a larger element that would like a measure of peace and security. The prospect of an autonomous Palestinian state with economic ties to Israel and political ties to Jordan must have a growing attraction to these elements. But the commandos will become more desperate as they feel that time is working against them. It is this consideration which underscores the need for prompt adoption of interim security measures. If the airlines acted in unison, they could secure whatever governmental authorizations might be required. And they might be encouraged to act without further delay if they had reason to believe that airline passengers would even welcome adoption of such measures, if only as a temporary expedient. An indication of how the public would indeed react was provided last week by a CBS News interview with passengers at Kennedy Airport, who were being frisked before enplaning for Puerto Rico. In all cases they said that they were delighted to undergo the examination.

Uncertain Soundings

Last week Vermont Democrats conducted the party's first real primary in the history of the state. Coupled with this fact, the campaigns of three insurgent radical-peace candidates—former Rep. William Meyer (seeking the Senatorial nomination), Dennis J. Morrisseau (seeking the Congressional nomination) and Peter Diamondstone (seeking the nomination for Attorney General)—added interest to the primary. The insurgents lost but they enlivened the campaign. Former Gov. Philip H. Hoff won the Senatorial nomination, as expected, and stands an excellent chance of defeating Sen. Winston L. Prouty. The Congressional nominee, Bernard O'Shea, who edits the *Vermont Freeman* in Enosburg Falls, has an uphill fight against incumbent Republican, Robert T. Stafford, but he too has a chance. The Republican primary saw a significant shift of power to conservative-hawkish elements. Lt. Gov. Thomas L. Hays, seeking the gubernatorial nomination, lost to the incumbent Deane C. Davis by a 3-to-1 margin. Hays, a liberal Republican, was one of the organizers of the moratorium movement in Vermont (the other was Bernard O'Shea). It may well be that Senator Aiken is the last of the Vermont liberal Republicans; power within the party has definitely shifted to the right. The liberal Republicans, a minority in the party, may well vote for Democratic nominees Hoff and O'Shea in November. Vermont has been losing farms at the rate of two a day for the last twenty years. The effect has been to weaken the Republican Party, notably its liberal wing, and to stimulate interest in the Democratic Party as new elements move in.

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In Wisconsin, former Lt. Gov. Patrick J. Lucey's defeat of Donald O. Peterson for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination fortunately left no scars. Both men supported McCarthy in 1968, the campaign was well-mannered, and Peterson promptly endorsed Lucey, so the party is united. Senator Proxmire recently polled 100,000 Wisconsin voters. Those responding rated the issues in terms of relative importance: (*1*) Crime: Law and Order, (*2*) Pollution, (*3*) Inflation, (*4*) Federal Spending, (*5*) Southeast Asia-Vietnam. The ratings indicate the impact of campus violence and urban unrest, but also suggest how effectively Nixon has managed to minimize the relative importance of the war as an issue. Fortunately, Senator Proxmire seems assured of re-election, but it is obvious that Mr. Lucey will be waging a tough fight.

In Florida, Republican voters confirmed the U.S. Senate's judgment of Judge Carswell when they soundly knocked down his bid for the Republican Senatorial nomination. In the process, Governor Kirk's bid to take over the Republican organization was upset. The Governor now faces a hazardous run-off on September 29. In Arkansas, time finally ran out on Orval Faubus. A relative unknown, Dale E. Bumpers, captured 59 per cent of the vote in the Democratic primary for governor. Rated a liberal by Arkansas standards, his laudable ambition is to change the state's "political climate." His victory represents a setback for the old-line Democratic leadership; he has a good chance to defeat Gov. Winthrop Rockefeller in November.

No major national trends were indicated in the primaries unless it was that the apathy was greater than normal for primary elections; only in Vermont was the vote larger than usual.

The Perils of Quantification

We have a tendency in this country to quantify politics for the convenience of pollsters and professional politicians. A campaign manager is known by the number of votes he can deliver, so he tries to tot them up for his candidate. This also involves subtotals for various classes of voters. So we talk about the suburban vote, the labor vote, the ethnic vote, and other such convenient categories. There is reality of a sort in the abacus game, but it is reality oversimplified, and thus distorted.

Consider ethnics. They exist and some of them are sadly bigoted, especially when they are terrorized by black citizens threatening to move onto their sacred turf. But are they less prone to backlash than our old and respectable friend, the WASP? He doesn't get hysterical, especially if he is a wealthy WASP, because hardly anyone but his own kind can afford to move into his neighborhood. In Bronxville, a wealthy community in Westchester County, north of New York City, there used to be what the local real estate brokers called the "holy mile." In that square mile not a single Jew owned property, until finally a movie magnate got in by subterfuge. Blaming bigotry on the ethnics distracts attention from WASP bigotry. A recent Harris Poll shows that the ethnic backlash is less significant than the WASP backlash.

Next, the suburban vote. Westchester County is suburban, and an apt exhibit. Young people move to the

IN THIS ISSUE

September 21, 1970

EDITORIALS

226

ARTICLES

229 Election Issue: The Dead Hand of Seniority — *Rep. Michael J. Harrington*

232 Richard Nixon, Theologian — *Charles P. Henderson, Jr.*

236 Jim Brown Comes to Mississippi — *Charles Gillespie*

239 Caste and Class in the Chaco — *Le Lieu Browne*

242 Methadone: The Law and the Clinics — *Richard O'Mara*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

245 Gasiorowska: Women in Soviet Fiction 1917-1964; Ktorova: The Face of Firebird — *Simon Karlinsky*

246 Drop the Wires (poem) — *Hugh Seidman*

248 Tvardovsky's Everyman — *Dan Levin*

249 Eisenstein: Film Essays and a Lecture; Henderson: D. W. Griffith — *Robert Sklar*

250 Bickel: The Supreme Court and the Idea of Progress — *Robert B. McKay*

252 Theatre — *Harold Clurman*

253 Art — *Lawrence Alloway*

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suburbs and go Republican, so the theory goes. Ferdinand Lundberg, who lives in Westchester himself, calls our attention to a poll conducted by Rep. Ogden Reid among his constituents. Republican candidates for President always carry Westchester. Reid himself is a Republican, although a maverick; the other Representative, Ottinger, now running for the Senate, is a Democrat. By a slight margin this silk-stocking district supported Cooper-Church and early withdrawal of U.S. troops from Vietnam. By a far from slight margin—71 per cent—the people who responded to the Reid poll favored wage-price controls in fighting inflation. True, it was probably the better educated and more intelligent of Reid's constituents who bothered to respond; still the result casts some doubt on the picture of a homogeneously conservative Westchester County.

Now consider labor. A recent New York State AFL-CIO convention at Kiamesha Lake endorsed Nelson Rockefeller for governor. Whereupon, the chairman had to dodge missiles thrown at him from the floor, and the delegates decided to recess for thirty days and then reconsider the vote. Whatever the outcome, it is clear that the Governor will get nothing like all the votes of the delegates when they go to the polls in November, and only God knows what their followers will do.

Today's issues are volatile—race, war, cities, ecology, etc.; they cut across and divide interest groups. Economic interests remain important, but are not the whole story. What the pollsters are not prepared to concede is that voters are becoming more independent, more sensitive to issues, more critical of personality traits. To ignore the trend is a sure way to predict yourself into a corner.

The Best Way for Chile

October 24 will be a momentous day for Chile, for all Latin America, and even for the United States. That is the date when the Chilean congress will meet to elect a President for the next six years. The normal choice would be Sen. Salvador Allende, the candidate of the Marxist Left, who polled 1,075,616 votes in the general election, as against 1,036,278 for former President Jorge Alessandri, the candidate of the Right, and 824,849 for Radomiro Tomic, the candidate of the Christian Democrats who, in the person of President Eduardo Frei, have ruled the country for the past six years. The election was exemplary in every respect: Chile is the most orderly country in Latin America, and can vie with any nation in the Western Hemisphere in devotion to democracy. But now the question arises: will Mr. Allende be permitted to take office?

Chilean Presidents are not usually elected by popular vote. The constitutional requirement for that is a majority, and the leading candidate can usually muster only a plurality. Traditionally, the congress then awards the office to the candidate who led in the popular vote. But in this case the leading candidate is an avowed Marxist, and it is possible, though unlikely, that the anti-Marxist parties will agree to support Mr. Alessandri, the runner-up. If this coalition does not come into being, Mr. Allende still has a dangerous hurdle to surmount. The army may take over the country and bar him from taking office.

The next several weeks, therefore, will be a test of whether the generals, the financial powers and the elite are willing to abide by a free election, when the result is not to their liking. Acquiescence would be the intelligent course, and insofar as the United States has influence it should stand aloof and leave Chilean politics to the Chilean people.

There is certainly no cause for hemispheric alarm. The normally well-informed *Wall Street Journal* recently referred to Dr. Allende as a "Communist," which he is not. He is a founding member of the Chilean Socialist Party and comes from a bourgeois family. He is a physician turned politician and a former Minister of Health. This is his fourth try for the presidency and he has come close to it before. He has spent much of his adult life in the Senate. He is no newcomer to the political scene: Chileans of all classes know him well. Allende received his plurality from the Socialists, the Communists, leftist Catholics, and miscellaneous groups convinced that Chile's problems cannot be solved by reformist methods, which Eduardo Frei applied with great diligence and some improvement in living standards. He is described as a "serene and companionable Marxist," a "very refined person, very well read, and a lover of good music," with a handsome wife and three daughters. Politically he is no paper tiger, however. A correspondent who asked him one question too many about his bourgeois background received a forceful retort: "I am not a hypocrite. I am a Marxist and we will complete our anti-imperialist, anti-monopolist program. . . . I am not the son of a peasant or a worker, but I came to my philosophy by experience and conviction."

The excellent British newsletter *Latin America* (September 4) reports that of the three candidates Allende was the most insistent in his call for "responsible attitudes and behavior." He opposes violence. In a campaign speech he was quoted as saying: "There are many Latin Americans who do not believe that the electoral process of bourgeois democracy can produce good government. They would favor power achieved only by a revolution of the masses, by the armed struggle. A victory by the electoral route will be difficult for us, but it is the best way for Chile."

To the panicmongers who predict that if Allende takes office there will never be another free election in Chile he replies that there will be one in 1976, and "if we have done badly, they will throw us out and elect someone else." It would be folly to deny him his chance.

The Menace and the Malady

If drug addiction is a disease, as seems now to be the consensus, it is one for which no reliable cure has yet been found. More specifically, it is now entering the category of several other diseases, of which diabetes is the best known, whose victims cannot be cured but many of whom can be "maintained" through an approximately normal life span.

Two rival theories of maintenance have emerged over the past decade or so of alarming increase in drug usage. One is the sustained administration of methadone, discussed by Richard O'Mara on page 242 of this issue. The other is the "therapeutic community"—Synanon, Daytop, Odyssey House. Both approaches are discussed

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extensively in the June issue of *Health/PAC Bulletin*; both are found to have merit and both found wanting. The bulletin objects that "both therapies discount the social and political aspects of addiction . . . [both] are distrusted by many black and Puerto Rican community groups."

No one knows precisely how addiction is stimulated by larger social issues, but that it is seems evident. Writing in *The New York Times Book Review* of September 6, Dr. Kenneth Keniston begins: "In the 1960s, it was the lot of Americans to live in mounting historical crisis, but not to understand it. . . . As a result, the symptoms of the crisis have constantly been confused with its causes, while the best efforts of both young and old have been wasted in episodic attacks on these symptoms."

Under these circumstances, to be an addict is at least to be *something*, and a pursuit of specific therapies, based on the assumption that the problem is one of individuals, limits the prognosis for an ultimate cure. The *Health/PAC Bulletin*, noting that both methadone and community therapy substitute one kind of addiction for another, whereas independence from crutches should be the goal sought, recommends that "if addiction is attributed at least partially to a sick society, then its cure is to involve the ex-addict in changing society."

We would phrase it a little differently: if it is true, as seems obvious, that the general tone of society is a factor in addiction, then society should look to these larger issues and not focus its alarmed attention exclusively on the dangers and tragedies of a growing problem. Addiction is both social and individual, and both its causes and its symptoms must be attacked. Ghetto communities have reason to mistrust the outside control implied by methadone and the therapeutic community alike. The country at large should be dissatisfied with methods that assume the permanent dependence of a particular group on artificial regimens that, while they render addicts much less dangerous to themselves and society, continue to focus more attention on the menace than the malady.

But societies cannot be changed overnight, and the country—and particularly the addicts—cannot wait for addiction to wither away. In the present, methadone is invaluable for some addicts, and the supportive community for others. As for the future, society must come to realize that it is a cause, perhaps the major cause, of the affliction that it now observes with such fear and revulsion.

ELECTION ISSUE

THE DEAD HAND OF SENIORITY

REP. MICHAEL J. HARRINGTON
Mr. Harrington represents the 6th District of Massachusetts in the House of Representatives.

Washington

Congressional seniority should be an issue in every one of the 435 campaigns for House seats this fall. Why? Because the way to achieve new priorities for this country is to change the seniority system in the House of Representatives.

Without such a change, it is self-deluding to talk of adequate commitments to environmental programs, to urban concerns, to diminished spending on the military, to a new focus on problems of the elderly, or to necessary funding of educational needs across the country. So citizen groups organized to work for such goals must also focus attention on the seniority issue.

For instance, many are talking about money which will be saved when the United States withdraws from Vietnam. It is suggested that those funds could be used to improve the quality of life in the United States. But the fact is that under the present seniority system, such talk is unrealistic. The present heads of Congressional committees who control the national resources will continue to back the Pentagon's disproportionate claim on the national treasury. They will continue to shortchange efforts to divert highway funds toward a broader transportation program, to pinch pennies on pollution, to block home rule for the District of Columbia, and to support measures which reflect the attitudes of chairmen 70 years old, averaging twenty-eight years of service, who know their power cannot be challenged since it is determined only by length of service.

If the seniority system does not change, the powerful men in the national legislative body will go on running things, whatever the results of the election. Some of these chairmen have approved or disapproved the programs of six different administrations; no matter how the nation votes, most of them survive—to impose views that reflect neither the national consensus, nor any incumbent Administration, nor the spectrum of interests of modern America.

Seniority—the arbitrary tradition which has ruled the House of Representatives since the early 1900s—is the one ingredient today that is constantly in the legislative mix, no matter what kind of legislation is being prepared. (Seniority also poses a problem in the Senate, but I will limit my discussion to the House, with which I am familiar and where the problem is more severe.) Experts can talk about the New Politics, or the New Concern, or the Old Concern, or whatever, but a candid assessment of how national views can or will be translated into legislation must include an evaluation of the role of seniority. Bills are not passed because the nation wants or needs them. They are passed because senior chairmen have agreed to let them through. Until that system is dumped, much campaign discussion dissolves into rhetoric.

It is especially important that the question of seniority should be an issue in every election this fall because both the Democratic and the Republican caucuses have agreed to study the system, and because the House of Repre-

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sentatives will in January vote to elect new leadership. How members stand on seniority on November 3 is certain to play a part in the reckoning in January when Congress convenes.

The degree to which the present seniority system pervades the Congressional system and distorts the will of the nation is barely realized by most citizens. In a nation where the average age becomes steadily younger, and where there is every likelihood that 18-year-olds will be able to vote in the 1972 election, the House of Representatives makes length of service the sole criterion for advancement to positions of power.

Private business could scarcely survive with management whose average age was 70. Civil service, under rules legislated by Congress itself, has long since made retirement mandatory at 65—if Congress followed the rules it has made for others, most of the chairmen would be resting at home.

Beyond that, the result of this system in an increasingly urban nation is to give power to the men who stay on year after year; more often than not, they come from Southern, rural, one-party constituencies. Eight of the ten most important House chairmen come from predominantly rural districts. The majority of citizens, who live in urban and suburban areas, are conspicuously underrepresented.

The selection of committee chairmen solely by seniority could be done away with simply by a vote of the Democratic and Republican caucuses, but that will never happen until more members are elected with a commitment to the change. That some improvement of legislative procedures can be brought about by public pressure has been shown this year. One of the tools of power used by the House leadership has been the secret "teller" vote. Members were counted for or against major amendments, but were not recorded by name. Thus on key amendments that really decided the issue, they might vote contrary to their public position; then switch sides later on the recorded roll-call vote on the entire bill.

When anti-war, education and other groups began trying to record members on teller votes by watching from the galleries, some public attention began to be focused on the practice. With the backing of much of the press, an amendment to the Legislative Reorganization Bill stipulating recorded teller votes when demanded by 20 per cent of the members, was passed by voice vote. This could be a significant change in House rules, if the entire reorganization bill is not stalled so long that it cannot pass this session.

To be sure, the seniority issue is complex, but I believe it can arouse people if they are shown its specific results. The organization most directly responsible for and most clearly harmed by the seniority system is the Democratic Party. Democratic Presidential candidates and the majority of Democratic Congressmen, Senators and candidates, campaign on a progressive platform promising action to deal with poverty, hunger, the decaying cities, civil rights and education. Positions of power available by virtue of Democratic majorities are then turned over, especially in the House, to those who oppose such promises on almost every issue.

A survey of voting patterns made by the Democratic Study Group (DSG) on thirty key votes showed that of seventeen defeats for the national Democratic platform position, half the losses were directly traceable to the votes of House Democratic committee and subcommittee chairmen. During the 90th Congress, 114 chairmen headed twenty-one full committees and 141 subcommittees. Of the seventy-five House Democrats who voted against more often than for the national Democratic position, forty-two were committee or subcommittee chairmen. These forty-two supposed leaders of the party voted only 13 per cent in support of the party position and 87 per cent against. Thirty-four of these forty-two chairmen (nearly one-third of all chairmen) opposed the Democratic position more often than did the average Republican Congressman.

Eleven of twenty-one House committee chairmen, including heads of major committees, are from Southern or border states. Southern Democrats do not reflect the Democratic Party to that degree, and while Southern Congressmen continue to be elected on the Democratic ticket, the national ticket gets weak backing in the South; in 1968, every Southern and border state except Texas voted for Nixon.

The voting records of the predominantly Southern committee chairmen by no means tell the whole tale of their influence. The choice of legislation to be acted upon, the control of debate in committee, the selection of witnesses, the course of questioning and the direction of staff—these are all prerogatives of the chairmen. Indeed, the average member of the House never gets to cast a vote directly on many important bills because they never leave committee. Even when the bills reach the floor, the committee chairmen control debate, limit the time of opposition, and prohibit floor amendments. The entire system is designed to uphold committee decisions.

By committee assignments to sympathetic members, by his monopoly of the staff and superior access to information on highly technical subjects, the chairman assures his control. For instance, a member who wished to make a major amendment to a defense appropriations bill on the floor might expect to find himself faced with this situation:

He would have had less than a day to read the reports and thousands of pages of testimony, and to prepare his arguments. If he offered his amendment, he would be confronted by fifty members of the Appropriations Committee solidly behind the chairman, and that is often a decisive bloc vote. The amendment, at least as of now, would live or die on a secret teller vote.

The DSG study showed that Democrats affiliated with the DSG were voting 91 per cent in favor of Democratic national programs and policies. While these members do not have a controlling vote in the whole House, they are a majority of the Democratic majority—approximately 130 of the 245 Democrats in the 91st Congress. Yet despite the patently absurd situation of maintaining in power men almost totally opposed to their own positions, these DSG members never seem to find the will to unite and change the seniority system by a vote in the caucus.

If the number of Democrats with DSG sympathies could be augmented, if enough of the present DSG members felt sufficient grass-roots pressure on this issue, per-

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haps the caucus could be forced to vote the changes.

It is hardly feasible to attempt to organize voters on the issue of seniority alone. But anti-war, environmental, education and other topical organizations should make clear to voters that their aims cannot be realized under a system that keeps in power senior members, opposed to reordering national priorities, rigid in their support of the kind of militaristic thinking that has characterized a past generation.

Some examples may make the situation vivid: The House of Representatives this year considered a $20.2-billion military procurement bill. This bill allocates more than twenty times the funds assigned for abatement of pollution in the nation's waters, and more than twenty times the amount which the Administration is willing to spend on low-cost and moderate housing.

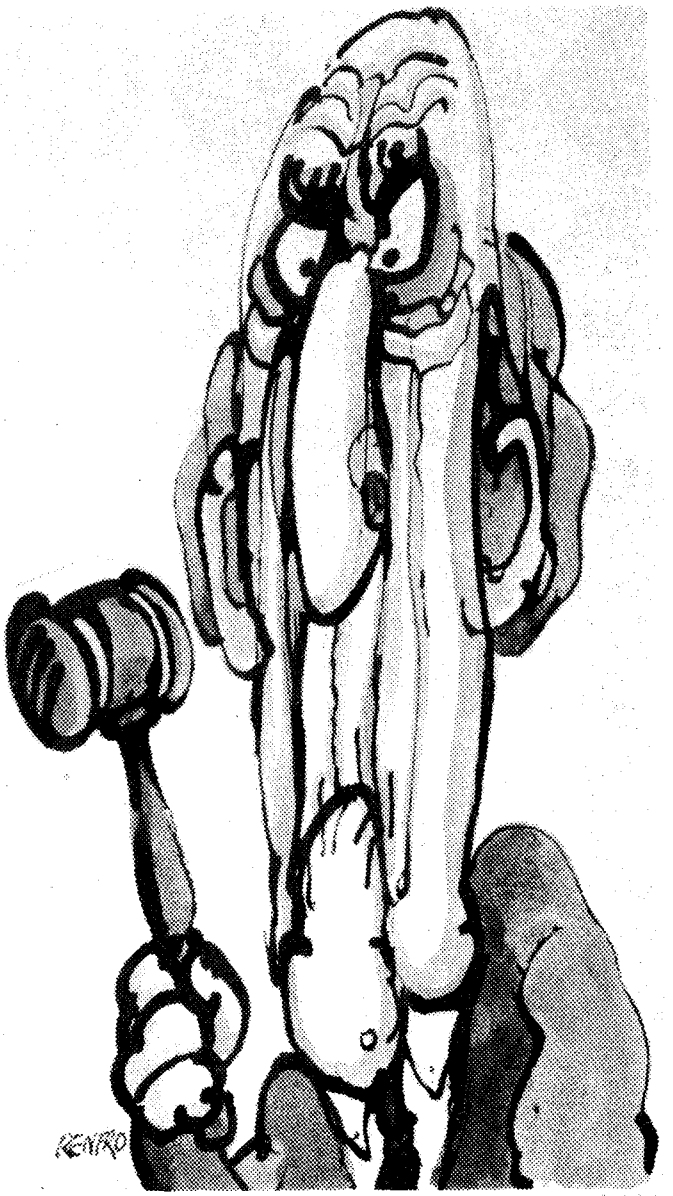
Control of the procedures by which the bill reached the floor was vested in the Rules Committee. The key man on that committee is Chairman William M. Colmer of Mississippi, 80 years old. He is from a rural district and has served on the Rules Committee for thirty-eight years.

Control of the bill's content and of steering it through Congress lay with the Armed Forces Committee. The ranking members on that committee determined who spoke in its favor, who was permitted to speak in opposition, and for how long. The chairman—the key member—is L. Mendel Rivers of South Carolina, 65 years old; he has served on the committee for thirty years and is from a rural district. The ranking minority member of the committee is Leslie Arends of Illinois, 74 years old, member of the Armed Services Committee for thirty-six years. He too is from a rural district.

The $20-billion bill, a commitment representing 10 per cent of the total national budget, came to the floor of the Congress under the control and direction of three men who averaged 73 years of age, and all of whom represent rural districts. By contrast, the average age in the United States is 27 years and 80 per cent of the nation's population lives in urban areas. As long as these men, invulnerable to public opinion, exercise such control, military expenditures will continue to take precedence over other vital areas.

Another example of how the seniority system imposes outdated views on modern America can be found in the record of the committee on the District of Columbia, chaired by John McMillan of South Carolina. He has been on the committee for thirty-two years. Since 1948 he has consistently blocked home rule measures for the District of Columbia.

In 1949 a Council Manager bill was passed by the Senate, but not reported to the House. In 1951 the House District Committee failed to approve the home rule bill passed by the Senate. In 1953 the Senate-passed bill providing for a nonvoting delegation to the House was tabled by the committee. In 1955 the Senate-passed home rule bill died in committee. In 1958 a bill establishing the District of Columbia territorial government was held up by McMillan's Committee. In 1959 the committee failed to report the Senate-passed home rule bill. In 1962 a bill again died in committee. In 1965 the



administration's home rule bill was held up in committee. In 1966 efforts to set up a conference with the Senate District Committee in order to coordinate some action on a home rule bill were blocked.

Obviously, the seniority system has thwarted national efforts to give 800,000 people in Washington, D.C. home rule—not to mention adequate programming for health, education and housing.

The chairman also extends his power very substantially by his control of subcommittee chairmen. For instance, subcommittee number two of the District Committee, whose chairman is too liberal for Chairman McMillan's liking, has been assigned nineteen pieces of legislation this session to date, while subcommittee number three has been assigned eighty-seven pieces of legislation.

Furthermore, the chairman operates in an arbitrary manner. While the committee rules state that it shall meet on the first Monday of each month, the committee in the first half of this year met at only three regularly appointed times. And when the District of Columbia crime bill, one of the most important pieces of legislation to be voted upon by this session of Congress, came before the District of Columbia Committee, only one witness

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appeared to testify on the most critical provisions of the bill—pretrial detention, the code revision abolishing jury trial for juveniles, and the measure defining as adults juveniles over 16 accused of violent crimes. The bill was ultimately passed in an executive session called on a Friday with only four hours' notice to committee members and without a quorum.

The evils of the seniority system extend, of course, below the committee chairmen to the subcommittee chairmen. These posts are also conferred largely by seniority. The average length of service of subcommittee chairmen is 17.1 years.

The subcommittee chairman for defense appropriations, who is also the Appropriations Committee's chairman, has controlled defense appropriations under ten Secretaries of Defense. Four Secretaries of Agriculture have come and gone during the tenure of the present chairman of the Subcommittee on Agriculture. The chairman of the Subcommittee on State, Justice, Commerce and the Judiciary has dealt with six Secretaries of State and nine Attorneys General.

It quickly becomes clear that an obscure subcommittee chairman on the Appropriations Committee may have a substantially more lasting effect on policy than most other figures in government. Yet he holds his position because of length of service—not because of talent, not because of party platform, not because of any kind of national or even Congressional plebiscite on his capacity. And since no one is really accountable for the automatic promotion of such men, recommended only by length of service, the public has no target at which to aim their praise or vent their displeasure.

Thus the only way for the nation to make its leadership responsible is to change the Congressional seniority system. And that, I say again, will come about only if voter organizations insist that incumbents and candidates express a clear stand on the seniority issue and commit themselves to vote for change in January next year.

Citizens should try to draw the issue clearly in the press and at public meetings. They should convince the candidates that they will be vulnerable later on if they do not live up to their commitment on this issue. When there is sufficient public pressure, there will be change.

And if we should gain enough votes for change in the House of Representatives, what direction should it take? I favor a system whereby the Speaker would nominate committee chairmen, subject to ratification of the caucus. The immediate objection raised by the defenders of seniority will be that this would put too much power in the hands of one man; they will recall the tyranny of Speaker Joe Cannon in the early years of this century. To that I would reply that the caucus could exercise a check on bad appointments. And if the power were in the hands of one man, so would be the responsibility; at present it is vested in a system of fiefdoms.

The Speaker should be an important national political figure with clear political responsibility for the success or failure of the legislative program and the power to do something about a recalcitrant chairman. In state legislatures, such as California and even my own state of Massachusetts, political responsibility is much more clearly fixed. The issue is not confused by a multitude of autocratic chairmen presiding over a maze of independent committees.

Without a change, the Congress will become a backwater. The Supreme Court and the Executive are extending their influence, but Congress is ceasing to be an effective instrument reflecting the nation's will. By the time able men have attained positions of power, it is open to serious doubt that they are any longer attuned to the national interest. They relegate to back burners the pressing national issues. These older men, whom seniority has made so powerful, answer to rural districts across the South; they direct a Congress which ignores Chicago, New York and Los Angeles.

This November, citizens who think they are voting for changes in national priorities must first insist that those who receive their support give firm commitment to a different set of rules for the House of Representatives. Seniority must be changed or nothing will be changed. □

RICHARD NIXON, THEOLOGIAN

CHARLES P. HENDERSON, Jr.
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When Richard Nixon decided to break his long retreat and appear before the public almost a month after his invasion of Cambodia, he chose a propitious occasion. He joined Dr. Billy Graham at his East Tennessee Crusade, Neyland Stadium, The University of Tennessee. It was Youth Night, that special evening common to all Graham's Crusades, when he directs his sermonic salvo at the younger generation. After four weeks of unprecedented turmoil on the nation's campuses, Nixon chose to address an audience that would be packed with youth. But these were the "non-demonstrators, the non-shouters," the children of the silent majority who would be bussed and driven to the rally in the watchful care of their parents.

Richard Nixon received a warm reception that night, as he returned to the one theme which he knew would strike a responsive chord. He spoke of the spiritual needs of the country. He spoke of the religious spirit which, he said, has guided our Presidents and sustained the American people throughout history. In short: "America would not be what it is today, the greatest nation in the world, if this were not a nation which has made progress under God." And then, turning toward Graham, he said:

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"That quality of spirit that each one of us needs, that each one of us hungers for, must come from a man who will address you in a moment. . . . What he will say to you is what America and the world needs to hear. . . . If we are going to bring people together as we must bring them together, if we are going to have peace in the world, if our young people are going to have a fulfillment . . ., they must turn to those great spiritual sources that have made America the great country that it is."

Peace abroad and unity at home, the two major objectives of Richard Nixon's Presidency, are here tied in with the program of a Protestant Evangelist. From the day of his inauguration, Nixon has placed a very special emphasis upon the "spiritual sources" of American history. In the inaugural address, he spoke of the crisis in spirit which confronts America, and suggested that the solution to our contemporary problems lay in the realm of spirituality. "To a crisis of the spirit, we need an answer of the spirit." Those words fell upon sympathetic ears, among them those of Billy Graham, who later picked up the President's theme and made it his own in a sermon delivered at the White House itself.

Last June, President Nixon was named Churchman of the Year by Religious Heritage of America, a quasi-religious organization "dedicated to preserving America's Judeo-Christian heritage." A statement released by its president, W. Clement Stone, commended Nixon for "carrying his deep religious commitment into the Presidency." It is scarcely surprising that the Churchman of the Year award went where it did this year—indeed, one might well suspect that the President has been angling for such recognition. But this is, as I shall try to make clear in what follows, at the same time an ironic choice for an organization eager to preserve "America's Judeo-Christian heritage."

Seldom has a President given such individual attention to his public devotions. Nixon was the first in history to include a full-scale, ecumenical worship service on the inaugural program; he was the first to schedule three minutes of silent prayer as a national reaffirmation of America's faith in God. He also broke tradition to organize his own Sunday services at the White House, inviting a string of his favorite preachers to preside. When you piece together all that Nixon has said and done relative to religion, you end up with a collage of American spirituality. Nixon combines in one mind the major strains of American religion, even those strains which are polar opposites.

Raised in the pacifist Quaker traditions of his mother, he also breathed the sultry air of the gospel meeting and the tent revival. Converted at a fundamentalist crusade led by Chicago evangelist, Paul Radar, he was drawn to the positive thinking of Norman Vincent Peale. Once a Sunday School teacher at the East Whittier Friends Meeting, he now astutely avoids the Washington, D.C., Friends, who, in the best of Quaker traditions, have taken their stand against the war in Vietnam.

Over the years, however, his most constant affiliation has been with Billy Graham. They have known each other since the early days of the Eisenhower administration and have developed a lasting friendship. Graham was the first to be asked to preach for Nixon at the White House; Graham spoke in 1968 at the funeral of Nixon's mother; Graham joined the group of intimates who helped select the Vice President at Miami. Time and again, Nixon has heard the message that Graham so clearly and so forcefully presents.

Man is a fallen creature, according to Graham's fundamentalist theology, bearing a corrupt nature. Man's sins are everywhere apparent: the wars, riots, dissension, rebellion, immorality, perversions and pornography of our time all point to the universal human malaise. Because man's sin is so universal and so deep, he cannot solve his problems on his own but needs divine guidance and salvation. Christ provides that salvation; indeed, it is only through Christ that the problems of the world may ever really be resolved. Man, the sinner; God, the Savior. Graham is universally recognized as the most successful advocate of this hard-line, sock-it-to-'em theology.

But when you stand this theology up against the thoughts of Richard Nixon, as expressed in his major public statements, the contrast could not be more dramatic. Reading the inaugural address, for example, one discovers a curiously optimistic view of man. "Forces are now converging that make possible for the first time the hope that many of man's deepest aspirations can at last be realized." "No people has ever been so close to the achievement of a just and abundant society, or so possessed of the will to achieve it." Of course, there is the nagging Spiritual Crisis and the war, the dissension, the purposelessness that are its major symptoms. Therefore (enter Billy Graham): "To a crisis of the spirit, we need an answer of the spirit." But the logic moves on: "And to find that answer, we need only look within ourselves." (Exit Billy Graham.) "When we listen to the better angels of our nature, we find that they celebrate the simple things, the basic things—such as goodness, decency, love, kindness." And later: "I know America. I know the heart of America is good."

Yes, the heart of the silent majority, at least, is good. But in this simple assertion Richard Nixon forsakes a crucial insight of theology: that all human beings are marked by the frailty, ill will and alienation that goes under the Biblical caption of sin. Sunday School teacher Nixon should not miss such a basic point. For however archaic the doctrine of original sin may sound, it at least provides a remedy for maudlin sentimentality and for the naive hope that even the silent majority can alter fundamentally the conditions of existence. In fact, the chief contribution of American theologians in this century has been precisely to point out the danger of naive idealism in world affairs. A nation convinced of its moral superiority can be as destructive as a nation which cynically pursues its self-interest. With the best of intentions, individuals and nations can commit the worst injustices.

But lacking such an awareness of the tragic dimension of man's situation (which he could have learned as well from contemporary art, literature or philosophy), Nixon is guided by a transcendent optimism which rigorously—not to say, religiously—excludes the very possibility of a tragic flaw in the American character. Emphasizing the simple virtues, he continues: "With these, we can

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build a great cathedral of the spirit—each of us raising one stone at a time, as he reaches out to his neighbor, helping, caring, doing." And, then, borrowing his syntax, but not his substance, from St. Francis of Assisi, he intones: "Let us take as our goal: where peace is unknown, make it welcome; where peace is fragile, make it strong; where peace is temporary, make it permanent." (Hubert Humphrey went all the way with St. Francis, quoting the entire prayer in his acceptance speech at Chicago.)

So then, the solution to our major problems lies in the good will of the American people. Where leaders (particularly Democratic leaders) and government programs (particularly OEO programs) fail, we should fall back on the simple things, the basic things—viz., human decency. And the lowering of voices. Nixon is strong on listing American Virtues. Imagine his delight as he sits in his favorite den, surrounded by his collection of elephants, carved and molded from every conceivable material. His mind wanders over The List: the rolling hills, the smiling faces, the little girl from Deshler, Ohio, with her hand-painted sign, Bring Us Together, freedom, unity and private enterprise, football, baseball, and the boys in Vietnam, the Boy Scouts, Honor America Day, God and the flag, Coke and Campbell's soup. But God is always included. As He was included in the Inauguration, and at the White House on Sunday, and in Honor America Day, the Fourth of July 1970. Yet this is not the thundering, awesome God of the Puritan fathers. Not the fearful God who was the root of their stubborn fortitude. Nixon's God is only one item on his list of "spiritual sources" that make America great. The Puritans raised God to a position of majesty and awe; they scaled the spiritual heights. But Nixon's is a folksy religion; his spirit meanders over the flatlands.

When our President counsels the inner recesses of his soul, when he surveys the universe, summing up the good and the bad, he finds that we exist in a happy environment indeed. In February of this year he presented his first major Foreign Policy Report to the Congress. This report represents, not the calculated rhetoric of an inaugural address but the collected wisdom of a man who prides himself as an expert at foreign policy. Nixon opens this major report with a passage taken from a speech he delivered at the Air Force Academy in June of 1969. (Again a propitious occasion, and again he chooses his audience as much for its symbolic as for its political advantage.)

> A nation needs many qualities, but it needs faith and confidence above all. Skeptics do not build societies; the idealists are the builders. Only societies that believe in themselves can rise to their challenges. Let us not, then, pose a false choice between meeting our responsibilities abroad and meeting the needs of our people at home. We shall meet both, or we shall meet neither.

Richard Nixon lives in a world where everything is not only possible; it is likely. Take Vietnam. His tactic in defending Administration policy is to reduce all questions to a purely technical level. He skirts substantive criticism by asserting that the only real differences of opinion concerning the war relate to strategy. We all agree on the goal—i.e., peace, justice, honor, freedom—only the means of achieving our objectives are in doubt. "The only issue before us is how we can be most effective in meeting our responsibilities, protecting our interests, and thereby building peace." It is, of course, the fortuitous coincidence of a happy universe which guarantees to America that her interests are always in harmony with the "interests of peace." The only issue open to debate is therefore the question of effectiveness. And Nixon is entirely consistent here. His criticism of the Johnson policy for Vietnam was made on the same ground. The key passage on Vietnam in his acceptance speech at Miami reads: "Never has so much military and economic and diplomatic power been used so *ineffectively*."

And what are our interests in Vietnam? "We seek a just settlement which all parties to the conflict, and all Americans, can support." Oh, happy day! By what magic process he proposes to erase the scars of war, the hatreds, the conflicts of interest that rage in confusion, both in Vietnam and at home, he never tells us. It is not a question of magic or of principle but only of strategy. As he said in his first review of the Cambodia sanctuary operation last June: "I understand the deep divisions in this country over the war. I realize that many Americans are deeply troubled. They want peace. Every American shares those desires; I share them very deeply. Our differences are over the best means to achieve a just peace."

The Nixon strategy is simply to bury every moral or theological ambiguity under the blanket of a smothering pragmatism. "The source of America's historic greatness has been an ability to see what had to be done, and then to do it." Simply rely on traditional American know-how and technical expertise to get the job done. And if there remains a nagging credibility gap between the simplicity of the solution and the complexity of the problem, have faith, Baby. "A nation needs many qualities, but it needs faith and confidence above all." As well it might, faced with a world far more dynamic, terrible and complex than Nixon's simple pragmatism can comprehend.

Yet in his doggedly happy universe, not only will the war in Southeast Asia dissolve into a just peace but there is no intrinsic obstacle to a solution of our domestic problems either. "As a result, I have decided on defense strategy and budget guidelines for the next five years that are consistent not only with our national security and the maintenance of our commitments but with our national priorities as well." The greatness of America lies in its ability simply to see a problem, and then to solve it. Just like a computer. To the anxious youth at Billy Graham's rally he promised: "I can tell you my life is dedicated to the cause that I know you are dedicated to, all of you. I want this nation to be at peace, and we shall be. I want the air to be clean, and it will be clean. I want the water to be pure, and it will be pure. I want better education for all Americans . . . and an equal opportunity for all, and that shall be." And he looked at all he had created, and, lo, it was good.

Far from depending upon the spiritual sources which he believes are the root of America's unbroken chain of victories around the world, Nixon continually avoids serious consideration of theological questions. Hannah Nixon, his mother, once expressed her desire that he become a missionary, but he quickly put down

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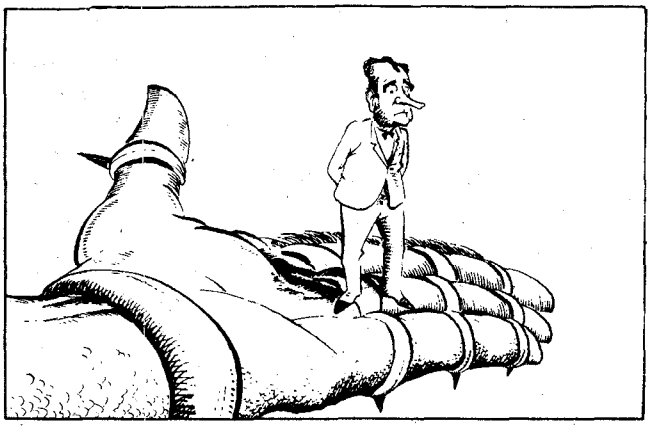

Vadillo: Ovaciones (Mexico)

that suggestion, expressing instead, his own dream of becoming a railroad engineer. He has been true to that childhood instinct ever since.

Of course, even Richard Nixon does not live on the low ground of technique at all times. He does allow his fancy to take flight; he even soars to the theological heights on occasion. And he has never gone higher than in the clouds of euphoria that filled the air following our first successful moon landing. In his commencement address at the Air Force Academy, Nixon said:

> The journey of the astronauts is more than a technical achievement. It is a reaching out of the human spirit. It lifts our sights. It demonstrates that magnificent concepts can be made real. When a nation believes in itself . . . that nation can perform miracles. This is why I believe a resurgence of American idealism can bring about a modern miracle—and that modern miracle is a world order of peace and justice.

And again at the inauguration:

> Only a few weeks ago, we shared the glory of man's first sight of the world as God sees it, as a single sphere reflecting light in the darkness. As Apollo astronauts flew over the moon's grey surface on Christmas Eve, they spoke to us of the beauty of earth and in that voice so clear across the lunar distance we heard them invoke God's blessing on its goodness.

A happy universe. Still fired by his enthusiasm over Apollo, Nixon traveled around the world, particularly to Romania where he spoke to the people of Bucharest on August 3, 1969. His reflections during that trip and his remarks about it contrast dramatically with the incessant calls for victory over communism that have been his trademark in years past. "As I stand here today, I really feel in my heart that it is . . . the spirit of Apollo that America can now bring to our relations with other nations. The spirit of Apollo transcends geographical barriers and political differences. It can bring the people of the world together in peace. Deep differences in political philosophy cannot permanently divide the peoples of the world. [We are all part] of a human family whose similarities and common interests far outweigh the differences."

The spirit of America thus reaches out to cross ethnic and racial differences, philosophical and ideological divisions, geographical boundaries—it is transcendent and universal. Again in the inaugural:

> The peace we seek—the peace we seek to win—is not victory over any other people but the peace that comes with healing in its wings; with compassion for those who have suffered; with understanding for those who have opposed us; with the opportunity for all peoples of this earth to choose their own destiny.

Those sensitive to the tenets of theology will recognize the attributes which Nixon here applies to the "American spirit"; they are the specific historical attributes of the Christian deity: a healing power, compassion for the helpless, forgiveness to the sinner, and to all mankind, the freedom to choose their own ultimate destiny. The God of Christian theology is alive and well in the patriotism of Richard Nixon.

But Christians posit not only a beneficent Spirit; they also focus on a single historical figure, a Savior, who manifests more clearly than any other, the highest virtues. The transcendent divinity needs an earthly mediator and representative. And Nixon follows suit here as well. Perhaps one of the most astounding passages ever included in a major political address appears in Nixon's 1968 acceptance speech. He envisions the day "eight years from now" when "our nation is at peace and everyone on earth—those who hope, those who aspire, those who crave liberty—will look to America as the shining example of hopes realized and dreams achieved." As the key to this fantastic restoration of American prestige, peace and tranquillity, he then suggests that we "look down into the faces of our children. In their faces is our hope, our love and our courage." And then he depicts that face so full of the highest virtues. He sees a child from Whittier, Calif., who was nurtured by a gentle Quaker mother, a great teacher, a remarkable football coach, an inspirational minister, a child who eventually chose politics as his career, a child of indomitable energy and perseverence who struggled and worked through victory and defeat until that triumphant moment when, tonight, he stands before the country, nominated for President of the United States of America.

One sees why Richard Nixon believes so deeply in the American dream: it has come so brilliantly true in his own life. Horatio Alger gone political. And there he stood, at the threshold of the Presidency, all his faith in America about to be validated beyond the shadow of a doubt. And he presented *himself* as the living embodiment of that great ideal which would become in the 1970s the shining light for all the people of the world. All 3 billion of them. Following this passage, he trots out God for the final blessing upon his fantastic prophecy. "With God's help," he intones, "we shall surely succeed."

On Inauguration Day the store windows of Washington were filled with 10,000 specially printed cards. They carried a pair of hands, in the attitude of prayer, and the words: Thanksgiving, Blessing, Rededication, Guidance, and Nixon's own campaign slogan—Forward Together. Never has a President gone so far to establish his religious credentials and at the same time so flagrantly ignored the central perceptions of his own faith. Systematically, Nixon appropriates the vocabulary of theologians —faith, trust, hope, belief—and applies these words not to a transcendent God but to his own nation, and worse, to his own personal vision of what that nation should be. Lacking an awareness of a self-interest that corrupts

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even the best intentions, even the most pragmatic national policies, he allows himself a free hand to range around the world, applying American power in the firm belief that he is being counseled by the "best angels" of his own nature. Similarly, lacking a transcendent deity, or even a comprehensive world view, he is capable of elevating his own brand of pragmatism to the level of transcendence. Lacking a God, he has made patriotism his religion, the American dream his deity. Far from returning to the spiritual sources that made this country great, he accomplishes a macabre reversal of those traditions, selling the mirror image as the original.

The frightening implication of all this is that he is not so much the originator of a contemporary heresy as its chief representative. Many of the attitudes which he avows are simply typical of American civil religion. Faith in the mission of America, its destiny, the universal application of its dream to all people for all time, the belief that God is on our side and favors our cause in the ultimate struggle for freedom and truth. These beliefs are commonly held by members of all American faiths. They are the root not only of our confidence and vitality but also of our arrogance and pride.

It is tragic that Nixon has attempted a revival of these beliefs at a time when our transgressions call instead for a confession of sins. If there is a crisis of the spirit, it is simply the growing unwillingness of many Americans, particularly among students and blacks, to buy in on a dream that so flagrantly ignores the reality of their experience. Contrary to Nixon's vision of a united and tranquil America, there are fundamental differences among us, differences of principle, of vision, and of experience that cannot be covered over with patriotic or pious froth. It can only intensify our crisis to suggest that the American dream has come true, that the miracle of the ages is about to be wrought. The idealists may be the builders, but without the skeptics to hone down their dreams, they can build only castles in the sky. And to those who remain in the broken cities, to those who must fight the ugly wars, to those who struggle around the world even for survival, our castle must appear to be a hated fortress possessed of a demon. □

Jim Brown Comes to Mississippi

CHARLES GILLESPIE
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Memphis

Holly Springs is the seat of Marshall County, located only thirty (fast) minutes south of Memphis, in the quiet, pleasant hills of northern Mississippi. Yoknapatawpha country, actually. Most of the town proper is submerged in a lake of great trees, and each spring the row of mansions on College and Falconer and neighboring streets, restored years ago to antebellum splendor, are opened to the public for the annual Pilgrimage. The ladies of Holly Springs also restore themselves to antebellum splendor, and visitors from Memphis and from all across the Delta, descendants of carpetbagger and aristocrat alike, gather to relive the fine old minutes of the Old South as Southerners would like them to have been. And perhaps they were.

This year, before the blooming of the gardens and the grounds and the ladies, Holly Springs was the scene of an entirely different sort of tour: sixteen men in a Greyhound bus, black harbingers of a new spring. They eschewed College and Falconer Streets and instead toured a portion of Holly Springs and Marshall County that has yet to gain its place in a Garden Club brochure.

The leader of the sixteen was Jim Brown, most readily identifiable as the best football player of his time, but more recently a movie actor, inspirer of controversy, and the inventor and moving presence of the Black Economic Union, a Cleveland-based Negro organization composed mostly of Brown's former team mates and opponents in the National Football League. His companions on the tour were from among these. They had come, at Brown's summons, first to the Lorraine Motel in Memphis and then on the tour to Holly Springs. Black leaders in Marshall County had asked the BEU for assistance in a campaign against poverty and against an establishment that so far had apparently thrived on assault by boycott, marches, protests and demonstrated misery.

The Lorraine Motel is, of course, the site of Martin Luther King, Jr.'s assassination and as such is inevitably the gathering place for angry blacks in Memphis. The balcony where King stood is now enclosed in glass, the doorway behind it almost obscured by a flower-strewn cross, and souvenirs are available at the front desk. One of Brown's companions stood in the motel driveway, looking across Mulberry Street at the rear of the shabby rooming house, and began to swear.

Brown and a few friends established the BEU not long before Brown retired from football. The plan, as Brown has repeatedly declared, is to provide the capital and the opportunity for blacks to advance themselves "within the system." BEU's notable successes include Magnificent Products of Los Angeles, manufacturers of natural hair products; New Breed Industries of New York, makers of dashikis; and Way Out Records of Cleveland, producers of way-out records.

Any one of Brown's companions in Memphis and Holly Springs, bell-bottomed almost to the last man, might have drawn a crowd. Brown described them to a packed house in the Mississippi Industrial College auditorium as the first group of black football players to "get off their butts" and try to do something for "the people." They included Brig Owens and Jim Snowden of the Washington Redskins; Lonnie Sanders, Jamie Rivers, Ernie McMillan and Cid Edwards of the St. Louis Cardinals; Ray May, Jim Shorter and Roy Jefferson of the Pittsburgh Steelers; Sidney Williams, Erich Barnes and

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Leroy Kelly of the Cleveland Browns; Mike Taylor of the New Orleans Saints; and Irv Cross of the Philadelphia Eagles. Shorter and Williams had been especially active in bringing together the athletes and setting up the Lorraine beachhead.

In any gathering, however, Jim Brown is almost certain to be the principal presence. He assumes leadership with the ease and grace of his nonchalant strolls back to the gridiron huddles of a few years ago.

Officially, the group came together for the first time on the mezzanine of the Nite Nite Club, a block away from the Lorraine Motel, on Wednesday morning. Brown sat on a table, wearing a short, dark beard and a blue, *avant-garde* outfit with flowing sleeves, and said: "Thanks for coming. It's beautiful." He then proceeded to tell them of BEU's plan to assist Marshall County, which he described as perhaps the most poverty-afflicted area in the United States.

Brown said that the BEU was adopting Marshall County, starting with a Food First program that would include the immediate shipment of food and clothing into Holly Springs for distribution to county residents selected by the local leadership. The second phase of the program would implement government programs already available for food, medicine and the financing of farm and small business development. Finally, the BEU would ask other black organizations—militant, pacific or whatever—to adopt similar counties for similar programs. As he explained, in part for the benefit of outsiders present:

> The BEU is an economic development corporation, organized to enable the black man to help himself. All the other ethnic groups—the Polish, the Irish, the Italians [*laughing*] in another way—have used this to advance themselves within the system. This is the American way and we believe in it.
>
> We're not here as a black group just to help black, starving people. We think we'll find white people there who will accept our help. What makes it appear to be all black is because we have been put in that position. We're not going to avoid *any* poor family in a place like Holly Springs. We're going to try to work within the system; we're not here to get involved in politics. Unfortunately, the majority of people in Mississippi who are starving are black and they are starving because of the political system.
>
> Athletes aren't a conservative group. There isn't a man here who could turn the other check. That isn't the nature of the profession. The nature of the profession is to come back stronger than the other guy. But that doesn't mean we want to go into guerrilla warfare.
>
> None of you is asked to give a lot of your time. The mistake most make is one great thrust with a program, then they go back home and the project falls on its face. As athletes, you represent one of the highest income groups in the country. There isn't another black group whose income average could approach yours. You paid your way down here and we've used your name, so you've already made a contribution, We're all in certain categories taxwise, so instead of giving to the government you can talk to your lawyer or accountant. It's much better to give to a cause like this than to the federal government.
>
> We're not trying to make people think we're heaven-sent. We're not coming down in dungarees and overalls to tell the people: "Here we are, just like you." I brought my fur coat down here—that's for the people of the press so they won't write, "Here's this man down in a poverty area wearing a fur coat."

Near the conclusion of the meeting Brown accepted an invitation for the group to attend a party "with girls." He said: "When you work with me you go all the way. I don't have any reputation to protect." When his audience had laughed at this, Brown explained his recent difficulties in Los Angeles, where he had been accused of attempting to run down a man and later throwing him bodily from the hood of a car. He was laughing, though bitterly, at the roles played in the affair by the Los Angeles Sheriff's Department and the *Los Angeles Times*: the Sheriff's Department for milking maximum publicity from the arrest, until it was apparent there was no case, and then asking Brown to drop his protests; the *Times* for displaying the opening incidents on page 1 and the verdict "about page 99."

"I got them off my back by attacking the sheriff on national TV," Brown said. "He's running for office this year and now he's calling around and saying to lay off, he's always liked athletes and he's never gotten along with the district attorney's office. But now the public has this image of Big Brown on the rampage again, running over a man. . . . They wouldn't get no satisfaction if I'd been found guilty unless I bowed my head."

Although it would almost be impossible to imagine men like Mike Taylor or Ernie McMillan (both larger than life by any relevant definition) fearing to walk anywhere, there was an abundance of gallows humor, whistling-in-the-graveyard wise cracks, and overemphasized shuffling of feet and, "Yes sah, mistah sheriff" among the players as they prepared for departure.

"They're integrating the schools there [Holly Springs], and they're warned us things might get a little hot," Brown told them. "I'm free myself, but some of you might not want to participate in certain phases in the development of Mississippi. . . . Yesterday was the first time I'd ever been in the state. I've been all over the South, but I used to drive to Alabama, park my car, and fly over Mississippi."

All of the men spoke of the boundary, just south of Memphis, not as the state line but as the border—as though they were about to pass through some shaky Balkan checkpoint. The twenty-odd passengers—Brown and his athletes; Ernest Thomas, community relations director of BEU and discoverer of Marshall County's plight; Maggie Hathaway, a black leader and commissioner on alcoholism in Los Angeles, and a couple of reporters—spread themselves back through the bus. "Just like Sunday morning going to a game," someone said. When the big Greyhound faltered near a Memphis traffic signal, a voice from the rear shouted: "That's the way, bussy. If you're going to break down, break down on this side of the border." A few minutes later, Ray May, the middle linebacker of the Steelers (the first black middle linebacker in the NFL, according to Brown) commented: "We're spread out now, but watch when we hit the border. There'll be an influx back here with us."

However, there was no incident, or even noticeable interest, as the bus passed the Tennessee-Mississippi line, and drove through Olive Branch and Byhalia; there were

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no remarks, even, when it braked into Holly Springs. Rust College and Mississippi Industrial College, both black schools, face each other across the highway; the bus turned left onto the Rust campus to pick up new passengers and directions for the Cadet School. Brown and the others met there with Holly Springs black leaders in a cafeteria room bounded on one side by little boys playing basketball and on the other by young voices singing *Where Have All the Flowers Gone?*

At the school, Arverne Moore, George Caldwell, Henry Boyd and other Holly Springs residents who had inspired the presence of the BEU and the black athletes recited the depressing statistics of Marshall County. Its population is 26,000, of which 66 per cent (17,000) is black. (Holly Springs's population is around 8,000, almost evenly divided between black and white.) Approximately 10,000 people in the county are on welfare rolls or the commodity line; the per capita income—based, according to Moore and Caldwell, on government figures—is less than $700 a year. That puts Marshall County on a par with several undeveloped African and Asian countries.

"There are many factors which cause and perpetuate poverty," said Moore. "Number one is the lack of jobs. They just do not exist for black Marshall County. We do have some industry here but past experience has taught us a lesson—when industry does come in, the establishment goes outside the county and recruits white labor."

The athletes were told that only 160 blacks were employed in Marshall County industries (these include firms, like Wurlitzer, owned outside the state), while 1,300 white workers come into Holly Springs every day from neighboring counties. "Our unemployment actually increases every year. If a white man or woman comes in and applies for a job, then a black man or woman is laid off, so there will be room for him."

"In 1971," another speaker vowed, "we'll be able to put black people in office and we'll cull out some who are black on the outside but white on the inside."

Meanwhile, this being 1970, the speakers said they were looking for help—"We've marched, picketed, boycotted. All have failed and the major reason they have failed is that we have nobody to turn to. This is a closed society. There aren't any black-owned stores, no black-owned groceries or industries. You have our support. We don't have anyone else to turn to in Mississippi. We don't have a governor we can go to."

Brown responded by explaining the program he had outlined at the Nite Nite Club in Memphis. He added: "I'm always asked, 'Is this all black? Are you going to help white people too?' No, we're never all black. We're relegated to that position. We're men and we're going to stand and we're not going to apologize because we're black. Mississippi was not set up by us. The politicians have been contacted and informed we're here, and since *they're* not here the white people should be glad there is some black leadership. . . . We didn't come here to get involved in politics but if politics get involved with us. . . ."

Following the Cadet School meeting, the BEU members reboarded the bus for a tour of Holly Springs and nearby rural areas. The athletes, most of whom now live in Northern cities and presumably have had some experience with poverty, were shown Negro neighborhoods, the black and gutted remains of a school bombed in October, and "white-owned" churches. At one point a young boy blew kisses at the bus; at another the bus passed a black man and his toddler child carrying firewood into a hovel described over the bus's public address system as a "modern home of the 20th century."

Back on the highway, the bus drove a few miles into the country and stopped at a black home which drew exclamations of disbelief from the passengers. The place had been a storehouse or barn. Windows were covered with strips of tin and the interior walls were insulated against the cold with cardboard and paper. One of the football pros said: "The Monkey's Nest is worse than that and it's in Ohio." Yet there was some reluctance to disturb the residents. Roy Jefferson, later to be introduced by Brown as "one of our fastest receivers and best dancers," said: "I'd just be embarrassed to go in there." But he joined the others when the bus emptied.

Water for the house came from a cistern out back and the privy crouched over a small creek, its mini-pollution emphasized by abandoned stoves and other debris. The woman of the house said she "couldn't get all together" on her age, but was "up there around 63 or somewhere." She was the mother of nine sons and a daughter, only five of the sons still living and one of them in a penitentiary. "We need a new Lincoln," said Maggie Hathaway as she stepped up on the porch.

The above description is dismal, but the woman showed no sense of despair. Erich Barnes noticed this: "These people are to be commended just for staying alive here."

After a second stop at a similar home, the bus took the players back to Holly Springs and an excellent example of living off the lean of the land. Brown and his companions must have become accustomed to excellent food, but in Holly Springs they stopped at Cummings' Goco Service Station, which is also a grocery store, café and laundry. There they plunged into the juke box, jars of pigs' feet, cheeseburgers and French fries. A round of visitors gathered, some of them white and all of them eager for a glimpse at the legends of the television screen.

On the short trip from Cummings' place to the Mississippi Industrial College Auditorium, there were the usual uneasy-but-I'm-laughing remarks. The athletes were obviously growing tired ("too tired to flirt," said Erich Barnes disconsolately as he and Leroy Kelly watched a pretty girl come into the restaurant and depart without eliciting a single gesture of admiration), but they were not too tired to remember self-preservation. "Turn those lights off bussy. I'm serious—didn't you see *Easy Rider*?" When one of the players commented, "There's a woman sitting over there with a flat tire," the response was, "Why don't you help her? They'll lynch your big ass for trying to seduce her."

Holly Springs's black residents filled the auditorium beyond its seating capacity and Brown described it as a turnout "we couldn't have had with just one day's notice in New York or Los Angeles or Cleveland." He told them: "We won't try to carry you on our backs, but we'll help you because you want to do something. . . .

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You have many battles to fight and I'll tell you out front we can't battle them all with you, but we're going to do what we've promised. Maybe some day, when all our programs are off the ground, we can help you with all your problems."

In May the Governor of Mississippi, John Bell Williams, and the Mayor of Holly Springs, Sam Coopwood, made a publicized visit to Colorado to protest "the unfair image" left by a civic drive in Boulder "to aid the Biafra of America."

The Governor complained that Jim Brown and a group of black militants had spent "a couple of hours" in Holly Springs and made "propaganda photos" in "two or three selected places." The editor of the Marshall County weekly newspaper, former state Sen. George Yarbrough, offered a $100 reward for any person confirming a report of actual starvation in the county.

Jim Brown had participated in the Boulder campaign which resulted in four truckloads of food and clothing and about $10,000 being sent to Holly Springs, and two Mississippi politicians being sent to Colorado.

Brown and a second group of black athletes have since visited Holly Springs and subsequently sponsored Food First dinners in Cleveland and Philadelphia. In New York, the inevitable celebrity party was employed to raise funds, and Brown joined Sen. Jacob Javits, Arthur Ashe and Herb Fitzgibbon in an exhibition tennis match. Basketball games, golf tournaments, fashion shows and jazz concerts have all been used to collect cash and food which the BEU passes on to the United League of Marshall County for distribution. □

CASTE AND CLASS IN THE CHACO

LE LIEU BROWNE
Mrs. Browne, a Vietnamese, is the wife of Malcolm Browne, correspondent for The New York Times *in the Argentine.*

Buenos Aires

The Chaco and its heat succeeded for a moment in taking me back to my war-torn country, Vietnam. Like the dread D Zone of Vietnam, the tall trees here, entwined with vines, barred access to the thick forest, and the mosquitoes were swarming. This, however, was the northern part of Argentina.

There had been guerrillas here, too. Their activity has never reached major proportions, but weapons caches still turn up and small cells of guerrillas, half political and half bandit, continue to operate. Castroite guerrillas, linked with the late Inti Peredo, a Bolivian companion of the Argentine Che Guevara, worked with some of these groups. But few of them wanted to spend their lives fighting in the jungle, because to an Argentine going to the Chaco is like being condemned to exile.

This dense scrub forest was also the scene of one of the bloodiest wars in Latin American history, fought in the 1930s between Bolivia and Paraguay. The Greater Chaco is divided among Argentina, Bolivia and Paraguay. One of its least hospitable zones is in Northern Argentina, in the province of Salta.

Our first view of the Chaco surprised me. Before we left the tidy provincial capital of Salta, my husband and I had been told that the roads were very bad and that we might have problems about food, water and transportation. My husband, a *New York Times* correspondent in South America, travels constantly and I often accompany him. Sometimes, we spend our nights in remote places, and we skip meals too often for my liking. This time, on an expedition to gather material for a report on the Chaco Indians, we were prepared.

We set forth from Salta in a sour mood, having waited several hours beyond the time when our driver and rented car were to have shown up. It was about six in the evening, and the blazing summer sun was still high. For 150 miles, we rolled along the Pan-American highway, that fantastic road that spans the South American continent. The pavement, at least at first, seemed as smooth and modern as any in the world, the car was comfortable, and it was good to be leaving the city of Salta where everybody had seemed as surly and rude as the *porteños* (the people of Buenos Aires) themselves. Perhaps the prosperity of Salta Province accounts for the tone.

Then, when we were no longer really expecting it, a full view of the jungle opened out, and the noise of thousands of bugs and birds enveloped us. The sun had set behind the trees, but its golden light lingered on the horizon and gave the *quebrachos*, tall straight trees encountered only in the Chaco jungle, force and majesty. It was a scene that invited penetration and discovery, but at the same time demanded infinite respect. The croaking, twittering, cackling and buzzing concerto proclaimed that the jungle was very much alive in the night. I felt excited as we drove deeper and deeper into it and its heat breathed on my neck. South Vietnam, somehow, seemed to be on the sides of this road, but peaceful and safe, in a way that I had long forgotten in my country. Flickering lightning highlighted ominous cloud masses, and I was already looking forward to the view by day.

We reached Embarcación around midnight. The town, with a population of 20,000, was dark except for occasional lights from houses scattered along the road. We drove slowly through the town in search of the Anglican mission, our main base for future exploration.

"H'm, I am afraid you won't get very far with this car," said Dr. Patterson, the medical representative of the mission, after we had exchanged greetings. We were embarrassed for getting him out of bed so late, and apologized. "Two days ago, I went to Misión Chaqueña in my pick-up truck," he said, "and even so, I got stuck in the mud."

My husband and I began to worry that we might have

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to return to Salta without seeing any Indians. But he reassured us: "We'll work something out tomorrow morning. Have a good rest and come and have breakfast with us." He showed us the way to the only hotel in town, a stucco house with a long corridor leading to a pleasant enclosed patio, with jungle plants and caged parrots. It was a hot night and our room was small and stifling. The beds were hard and far from clean.

The next day, after briefing us on the region, Dr. Patterson suggested that we go to three different places from which we could assemble a picture of the Indians' way of life. They were Tartagal, a town on the Bolivian border; Hickmann, a small village where Indians and whites lived in a relatively integrated society, and Misión Chaqueña (Chaco Mission), an encampment for Indians established in 1914 by Rev. David Leake, the first Anglican missionary in the Chaco.

The road leading to Misión Chaqueña traverses the heart of the Chaco, near the remote Pilcomayo River. It is a dirt road, impassable when it rains. Some of the most backward Indian communities in South America are dotted through this wilderness. It is a kingdom of snakes, beautiful tropical birds of all types, and jaguars. Huge spiders weave webs the size of fish nets in the branches of the *quebrachos*; these glisten silver in the sun. Now we were under constant attack by mosquitoes; and hawks, parrots and flashing dark iguanas zipped out of the way of the dust storm created by our car.

Once, when the driver stopped the car to study one of the cavernous ruts that constantly threatened to trap us, a gaucho passed us on horseback. He gave us an unsmiling nod and trotted on. His face, dark and thin, with a well-trimmed mustache, was hard and unsentimental. He wore a cowboy hat, baggy trousers with chaps, a wide belt made of black leather and decorated with antique silver coins, a long pistol and a dagger. Altogether, he was the very image of the legendary gaucho seen in the movies of the 1930s.

But the supposedly romantic gaucho represents, to most Indians, white supremacy and foreign invasion of their territory. The carcasses of cows rot by the roadside, victims of traffic accidents, while Indians of various tribes, Mataco, Toba and Chanes, are left to starve. Indians suspected of rustling gaucho cattle are sometimes shot.

"The Indians used to hunt in the forest for food, but somehow they seem to have lost interest," Miss Dorothy Leake, another Anglican missionary and the Reverend Leake's daughter, told us in Embarcación. The Indian diet consists partly of fish caught in piranha-infested rivers during the rainy season. During the rest of the year, they rely heavily on *algarroba*, a beanlike fruit that grows in the Chaco. The Indians dry the fruit and beat it into shreds, moisten it with water and chew it. To fight hunger, they also chew coca leaves, a mild narcotic.

While visiting an Indian family that had just moved to Embarcación in search of a job and a better life, I asked to see some *algarroba* fruit. Our Indian hostess looked at me hesitantly and brought me two dry, wormy beans. I felt embarrassed; it was hard for me to believe that she could eat that stuff.

"The women often spend their time rummaging through garbage cans," our fat driver said as we were discussing food. He added: "What do you expect? They don't work. Look at them, watching television." He pointed triumphantly at a group of young Indians gathering in front of a set in a television store. But it seemed to me otherwise. From what I had heard, it was apparent that the Indians of the region were willing to work, but were being discriminated against and exploited.

Our driver's attitude reflected that of most whites throughout Latin America. To many government officials, the Indians are so primitive as to be useless economically, and a political irritant. For the past year, various newspaper articles, documentary films and books have charged that the South American Indians are being pushed aside, starved, suppressed, even murdered. The main accusation is that the various governments have simply washed their hands of the Indians and their problems, tacitly consigning the indigenous population to extinction.

The Argentine Government and the *criollos*—as Argentines call themselves—loudly claim that the population of their country is entirely white. In fact, the condition of the 500,000 Indians remaining scattered through the country is a national disgrace which Argentines seek to hide from tourists and other outsiders.

There were 35,000 Indians near the Pilcomayo and Bermejo Rivers in 1935; in 1969, they were down to 10,000. In addition to starvation, they are attacked by various epidemic diseases, of which tuberculosis, syphilis and Chagas' disease, transmitted by a night-flying bedbug known as *vinchuca*, are the most common.

Indians who want integration into civilized life are often humiliated and victimized. "For the anthropologist, the process of Indian integration into *criollo* communities is very interesting," Dr. Patterson told us, "but, unfortunately, they remain poor and generally go on living in huts and mud and disease. I doubt that they're really happier than they were in the Chaco."

We saw their wretched poverty in Tartagal, where we wandered through the clusters of filthy huts that surrounded the picturesque town. The huts are built on private property belonging to big landholders, and the Indian squatters face eviction from one day to the next. Hardly any Indian in the region has been able to obtain the documents of Argentine citizenship which entitle him to own land. Consequently, these natives, whose ancestors owned the land long before the arrival of the European conquerors, are landless and destitute, at the mercy of their *criollo* neighbors, with documents and big revolvers. One Indian put it this way: "We are all Argentines, and we have as much right to citizenship as everyone else. We also like to be respected as human beings and to have access to education, justice, and to be able to work our land."

Argentine newspapers are currently reporting plans by the government to grant the Indians all the privileges of citizenship. The Indians, the government says, will be given *libretas de enrolamiento* (in effect, draft cards) and the men, when they reach the age of 20, will be drafted. At least in principle, these documents will enable Indians to acquire land titles.

At Hickmann, there are a police station, a railroad station, a school and a civil registry office. The civil registry has helped some Indians obtain birth, marriage

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and death certificates, which are required to establish citizenship. But for lack of photographs and because of bureaucratic red tape (possibly combined with ill will) few identity cards of citizenship have been issued.

For their part, the Indians have not fully grasped the idea of effective protest. The various Indian families we encountered on our trip were gentle and shy. Unlike the Indians of Bolivia and Peru, who are usually aloof and cold, these of Argentina are warm and hospitable even in their misery. Their young are far better behaved than the white children. The candy I handed out they accepted with grace and with no trace of the greed that other children might show. The women, besides taking care of their housework and raising the children, weave colorful bags and tablecloths in order to help their husbands. They avoid speaking Spanish, even when they know the language, especially in the presence of other Indians. Knowledge of Spanish can be grounds for suspecting an Indian woman of being a prostitute.

Indian men were willing to talk frankly to my husband. Nankai, the head of one squatter family, had just left the hospital, and his sunken cheeks still showed fever. He was tubercular, and he wanted a job. He had brought his wife and three children from the Chaco jungle, seeking a new life. His hut, built on a muddy field, had a thatched roof supported by a pole and a black earthenware casserole was placed on a three-brick stove in the yard. Those were his possessions. In broken Spanish, Nankai told us that he had decided to move into Tartagal because he had heard from friends that he could lead a better life here.

Nankai had not yet found a job, but he was hopeful. His friends had given his family food and material to build the hut. He spoke confidently, although his voice was weak and his feverish eyes betrayed his illness. His wife, breast-feeding the baby while listening to the conversation, turned her watery eyes to me and smiled gently, rocking her child softly. Two older girls were holding the end of their mother's ragged dress, staring at me. I felt guilty; a well-fed, rich outsider.

They reminded me of my own people. To be sure, the Vietnamese, including the racially distinct tribesmen of the mountains, never suffer famine. The Mekong River provides the people of its delta with fish all year round, and floods the fields with rich, fertile soil. However, in common with Argentina's Indians, the Vietnamese poor face, besides the ravaging war, the misery of disease and the injustice of being born poor.

Exploiting their own scarcity, Vietnamese doctors prefer to fatten their purses in the big cities rather than dedicate their lives to those in extreme need. It is the same in Argentina. Vietnamese peasants cannot afford private medical consultation. They are at the mercy of folk medicine in their villages. The alternative is a journey of many miles to the nearest major town, where admission to the free government hospital follows a long wait. Patients often die before a doctor sees them.

Once admitted, the patient is given a hard bed with a mat, or sometimes is forced to lie on the filthy floor of the always full ward. There he is often scorned by callous nurses. In many cases, the old Vietnamese, accustomed to the Confucian tradition of respect from their juniors, prefer to go home and die among their respectful children. As if reading my thoughts, Miss Leake said:

"Most Indians are sick, but they don't like to go to the hospital. They prefer to consult a witch doctor. The other day, we took a tubercular woman to the Embarcación hospital and had a difficult time persuading the authorities there to give her a bed. She stayed overnight and disappeared the next day. We then learned that she had gone back to the Chaco and preferred to wait for death with her family. We have not succeeded fully in steering them away from witchcraft."

"Yes, why don't they want to become Christians? It would make life better for them," the driver smugly observed.

And yet, there seemed no shortage of missionaries from various denominations besides the Anglicans: Franciscans, American Baptists, Norwegian Evangelists. Missionaries were teaching Indians Spanish and how to make furniture. They also were providing minimal medical attention and trying to win converts. The Anglican missionaries have set up several successful centers on the banks of the Pilcomayo and Bermejo Rivers, not without much persuasion and difficulty. Unlike the Vietnamese, who have generally accepted foreign missionaries and welcome new religions in their communities, the Indians resist new ways and new beliefs.

Without missionary help, the Indians in the region probably would not survive for long, nor would they be

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recognized as human beings. Yet they accept the missionaries' food and medical care as natural gifts bestowed on them from heaven, without trying to make any deeper contact with their benefactors. In the few days I spent talking to Indians, I felt drawn to them, perhaps because of my Vietnamese background. I also felt that not being white was an advantage: there was a barrier between the *criollos* and the Indians who live in their shadow. There was always mistrust in their eyes, a suspicion that white men are dangerous.

If the Indians hate the race that dominates them, they conceal their feelings behind a wall of silence. Instead of protesting, they take to alcohol; too often, the little money earned from roadside sales of carved wood figures or by labor in the sawmills is spent on cheap liquor.

If most of the Indians in Argentina are unable to express themselves, one, at least, is eloquent. He is Marcellino Cayuqueo, Mayor of Los Toldos in Buenos Aires Province, on the outskirts of the huge capital itself. In a recent speech commemorating the Day of the Indian, Mayor Cayuqueo said:

> These days we live in a world where big progress has been made in conquering planets which are thousands of miles away from earth, and yet we are deeply saddened to see that there are still Argentines who may ask who we are and from where we come. We cannot celebrate our Indian Day as happily as others do their national days because there are still thousands of Indians living in miserable conditions, although, in reality, we are the legitimate sons of America. □

Methadone: The Law and the Clinics

RICHARD O'MARA
Mr. O'Mara is an editorial writer on the Baltimore Evening Sun.

Fighting Fire with Fire

The Justice Department has been perplexed in recent years by what to do about the increased popularity of the methadone maintenance of opiate addicts. Methadone is an addictive and dangerous narcotic. As such it comes under the control of the Department's Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs. Despite its dangers, it has been developed into the most successful means for straightening out heroin addicts.

Most major cities with large addict populations have been pressing the Justice Department to relax its restrictions on methadone use, so that more treatment programs can be started. The narcotics police, who by tradition oppose supporting the habit of drug addicts, have resisted. Recently, however, they have sought to compromise.

In cooperation with the Food and Drug Administration, the Bureau of Narcotics has drafted regulations under which methadone maintenance programs may be conducted, and these have been published in the *Federal Register*. To the minds of many people involved in the treatment of drug addicts, the regulations are not compromise enough. The executive vice president of the American Medical Association, Dr. Ernest B. Howard, has complained of their inflexibility to the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. The American Psychiatric Association, through its president, Robert S. Garber, has also registered various objections to the regulations.

The most vehement reaction came from Dr. Vincent P. Dole, of Rockefeller University in New York. To Dr. Dole the new rules laid down by the Justice Department and FDA were unreasonable, unworkable and promulgated "with essentially no consultation with knowledgeable people in the field." Dr. Dole's opinion on methadone may carry more weight, or at least more interest than the AMA's. With his wife, Dr. Marie Nyswander, he pioneered methadone maintenance treatment of heroin addicts. They started in 1963 at Rockefeller University and later moved to Beth Israel Medical Center. Over the years they have successfully treated some 2,000 addicts. The Dole-Nyswander program generally records a rehabilitation rate of about 82 per cent.

Methadone maintenance as a treatment method for heroin addicts has had a stormy history. The drug was invented by the Germans during World War II as a substitute for morphine. One story has it that they were looking for something to help Hermann Goering with his drug problem. In the early days it was used in diminishing doses to help wean addicts away from heroin, but with little success. Drs. Dole and Nyswander were the first to give heroin addicts massive daily doses of the stuff, to "maintain" them on it. The maintenance method has since become the most successful and most controversial. The drug is administered orally, not with a needle.

Methadone has many qualities which make it useful in treating addicts. Most important, perhaps, is its capacity to block the effect of heroin and other opiates. If the addict takes a shot of heroin he feels nothing. And unlike heroin, methadone does not give the user a "high." An addict on methadone can function normally. He is as alert as anyone who is drug free. He can hold a job, support his family, in every way live a normal life.

When taking daily doses of methadone, the addict feels no craving for other opiates. Methadone treatment is inexpensive: about $2.50 a week. A heroin habit can cost between $350 and $500 a week. The addict can be maintained on methadone indefinitely, much like a diabetic on insulin. However, it is very difficult to withdraw from methadone—more difficult, some addicts say, than withdrawing from heroin. Many addicts who try, wind up hooked again on heroin.

That methadone is addictive is its greatest fault. A number of physicians, psychiatrists—and even addicts who through a strenuous exercise of will have become drug free—disapprove of switching an addict from one drug to another. This, they say, is not curing him, and in a strict sense they are right.

But an addict on heroin steals; one on methadone does not. Considering the high rate of addict crime, the social benefits of methadone are enormous. Most addicts can

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never marshal the strength to become completely drug free. About 90 per cent of those who have been detoxified in jail, or in a hospital, go back on heroin. Except for that small minority who can endure permanent abstinence, methadone is often the addict's last and only recourse.

For some people there is something sinful about another human being's dependency on a drug—be it alcohol, nicotine, heroin or methadone. The moral argument may be important to ministers, politicians and people little experienced with addiction. But it doesn't have much relevance to the addict, even to those with the strongest desire to reform.

Addiction, by its nature, is both physiological and psychological. Methadone stills the physical craving for heroin, leaving the addict free to come to terms with his psychological problems. With methadone, the rehabilitation of the hard-core opiate addict is at least possible.

Methadone is no panacea, and should never be touted as one. It can be effective only with a minority of addicts, those with a strong motivation to be cured. However, the increase of heroin users in the United States makes it certain that the membership in that minority will increase. As it does, methadone's importance will increase.

Dr. Stanley F. Yolles, who recently resigned as director of the National Institute of Mental Health, estimated that there were some 125,000 heroin addicts in the United States. Some say the figure is ridiculously low, that New York alone may have 100,000. Dr. Donald H. Louria, president of the New York State Council on Drug Addiction, speaks of the "frightening popularity" of heroin, and its spreading use among the young. It is because of this "frightening popularity," and the high incidence of addict crime, that so many cities have turned to methadone maintenance. According to one report, it is being used in twenty states.

In setting down regulations for running methadone programs, the Justice Department and the FDA sought to accomplish several things: exclude from participation pregnant women, psychotics, those suffering serious illness and persons under 18; require all programs to make extensive tests on their patients, such as blood count, liver function studies, etc. Extensive records were ordered kept, to be made available for inspection at any time. Also, advance approval for a methadone maintenance program must be obtained from the FDA and the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs. There were other conditions, but these are the ones which have met the most resistance.

To start with the last, Dr. Garber of the American Psychiatric Association, complained that "Requiring Justice Department approval will tend to inhibit, deter and delay physicians from initiating methadone maintenance programs for narcotics addicts."

The AMA, for its part, decried the exclusion of certain persons from the programs: "We believe that experience so far indicates that patients who are psychotic are not necessarily inappropriate subjects. Hospitalization and withdrawal might be preferable for a pregnant addict, but it often is much easier to get a person into a methadone program than into a hospital, with greater opportunity for follow up. Finally, excluding all seriously ill persons has its drawbacks. . . ."

The attempt to exclude the seriously ill addict from methadone treatment tends to support Dr. Dole's charge that the drafters of the regulations did not consult with people experienced in methadone use. A report by Dr. Lee Hoffman in the February 9 *Journal of the American Medical Association,* tells of the successful methadone treatment of addicts suffering from respiratory diseases.

Many doctors feel also that conducting extensive tests on addicts' organs would serve no purpose and be prohibitively expensive. Most significant, however, physicians have expressed apprehension over the requirement that all records be made available for inspection. The regulations do not say, specifically, who shall have the right to inspect them. The fear here is for the possible violation of the confidentiality of the doctor-patient relationship. Dr. Garber seems adamant when he writes that "patients' records . . . should not be available for law-enforcement purposes."

Most physicians are fairly sure the regulations are not so stringent but that, with modifications, they could be endured. A certain amount of antagonism and resentment seems evident, however, over the Justice Department's attempts to keep a tight control over physicians operating methadone programs. This is a good sign, for it may indicate that the medical profession is finally asserting itself in this area, after years of letting the police deal with the addict. Resistance to the regulations is strong enough, some doctors say, to convince the Justice Department that it must make some changes.

Heroin has become a major drug of addiction. Claude Brown once likened its spread to that of a great plague. Open minds and skills more sophisticated than those of policemen are required to cope with it. Certainly what are not needed are insensitive regulations that tend to inhibit initiative and stultify creativity and innovation.

You Can't Fool a Junkie

Baltimore has a number of privately run methadone maintenance programs. One of the most successful is Man Alive, Inc., started four years ago by Dr. Emmett P. Davis, a local physician, and one of the earlier, more successful imitators of Drs. Vincent P. Dole and Marie Nyswander. The program is administered largely by addicts, and that, some contend, is why it is successful.

At the center of the organization is the Man Alive Committee, a group of about seven reformed heroin addicts who come together each evening on the second floor of a gray row house in North Baltimore. Their purpose is to screen new applicants for the program, and to discipline those who have violated the rules.

Anyone who spends a short time at Man Alive becomes aware of the existence of a persistent fear—a fear that some day the police, or possibly the federal narcotics people will try to get one of their own agents past the committee, with the aim of discrediting the program. The program's administrators are also ever mindful that the medication they are handing out is dangerously addictive, a drug which should never fall into the hands of a weekend drug addict. It is the last hope for hard-core addicts who have tried and failed to detoxify in the past. For these reasons, and for many others, the screening process is tough and the committee very strict. But it is also fair. The chairman is a man in his 30s named Fred.

Fred, a gentle but dogged inquisitor, is a reformed

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heroin addict. He has been on methadone well over a year, and is not long recovered from his six years of heroin use. The fibers of his mind are still raw, his memories all black and blue. Fred shows the weight of those wasted years in his dark eyes, in the deep vertical lines of his skinny face. But the pain has given him a great resource of sympathy for addicts who have not yet made the climb upward, a conviction that even the most abject junkie is worth trying to save.

Archie is a cynical young man of 23, trying to get reinstated on the Man Alive program. He slipped back to heroin once before and was readmitted. He sits before the committee fingering a sweat-stained, blue baseball cap. His teeth are bad; like most addicts he takes no care of himself. He doesn't do much for his three children, either. He says his habit costs $150 a day. Fred's eyebrows shoot upward in disbelief. When they're not lying outright, addicts exaggerate.

"How'd you get the money, Arch?" Fred asks. He says he sticks up people. He points his finger like a gun. Fred is skeptical about that. Few addicts have the nerve for armed robbery. Archie likes to pretend he's a gangster. He seems able to swagger sitting down.

"You want to get back on the program because it might help you in court, Arch?" Fred asks. A denial, but Arch puts a funny look on his face, which just about says: "How'd he know that?" Archie hangs his head and says he means it this time. He's tired of "robbin' and beggin' in the street." This time he's going to make it. Two minutes later he admits that he faces a trial for burglary. The courts in Baltimore, thanks mainly to Supreme Bench Judge Dulaney Foster, are more sympathetic to Man Alive and to drug addicts than are the police.

"There's always another court behind that one, Arch," Fred says, a smile creeping across his face. He's gotten everything out of the man he needs. Fred smiles easily and often.

"Methadone is no magic formula, Arch." He tries to communicate to the addict that the drug is a crutch, and like a crutch he has to learn to walk with it. Archie says he thinks he understands. Fred sends him out of the room so the committee can decide. The consensus is that he lacks motivation and the vote goes against him.

Addicts know that no one can be cured who doesn't want to be cured. And they have to want it for themselves, not for the sake of their wives, parents or children. It's got to be a selfish commitment to self-reconstruction. Methadone can only help.

Each addict must face the committee alone. Everything is arranged to intensify the atmosphere of interrogation: the straight-backed chair in the center of the room, the pale light, the seven noncommittal faces staring and asking questions from 15 feet away. The addict on the carpet, or the new applicant, receives a singular impression—that these people take themselves seriously. And they do.

Pete had a little game he liked to play. In quick succession he would tell three or four lies. He knew the inquisitor would snare him, but Pete hoped to get at least one lie past, even if he had to concede on two or three others. Pete was thick-tongued and slow, no match for Fred. He lied and got caught in his lies. He lied again only to be caught again by the inquisitor, who blinked at him from behind his dry and tragic face.

Pete hissed an expletive at the ceiling, then turned his small wet eyes down to inspect his scuffed loafers. Fred probed on. Pete's face grew more taut and pained and frustrated. Finally he gave up and mumbled the truth. A moment later he was telling another lie. Pete was like most hard-core heroin addicts. They lie as easily as they breathe. It's a symptom of the sickness.

Pete broke one of the Man Alive rules, the one which requires the addict to take a dose of methadone each day—that dose and no more. The more trustworthy patients, as Pete had been, are given a few days' supply of methadone two or three times a week. Pete drank all his at once, hoping to get high. One of the patients found the empty bottle outside the building. Pete didn't wait to get a block away.

"It doesn't work that way, Pete," Fred groans. "You can't get high on the stuff." Pete says he's innocent, but nobody believes him. No one can see through an addict like another addict—not a doctor, not a cop, nobody. The committee orders him to report every day of the week to a specific pharmacy and drink his methadone in front of the pharmacist. It means a lot of trouble and inconvenience for Pete, and sadly he wonders aloud if he wouldn't be better off back in jail. He can get heroin there. He knows, and so does everybody else in the room, that if he is dropped from the Man Alive program, that's where he'll wind up. Pete agrees to take his medicine.

About 140 addicts are registered at Man Alive. Each pays $12 a week for his medication and urinalysis. The urine specimens are checked three times a week for heroin or other drugs. Dirty urine can mean automatic expulsion.

The $12 is cheap. One hundred forty addicts on heroin will steal up to $8 million in goods a year. They shoplift, snatch purses, break into homes, and generally are inclined toward the less audacious types of crime. There are between 4,000 and 10,000 addicts in Baltimore, all very busy.

The people who run Man Alive, then, feel that they are saving the city a good deal by treating addicts. They are, and the state and city governments are finally starting to appreciate it. Gov. Marvin Mandel once said he thought half the state's crime was drug related.

Some state money has been funneled toward Man Alive (the state health secretary has allowed its patients to collect Medicaid funds), and also toward the other methadone programs—Project Adapt and the Johns Hopkins Drug Abuse Clinic. But funds are not nearly sufficient to do the job that needs doing.

In Baltimore the methadone story unfolded, more or less, as it did nationally. At first there was resistance from the medical profession toward the idea of maintaining addicts on an addictive drug. This diminished as the success of Man Alive became manifest, and as the problem of drug addiction grew more critical. Finally Man Alive was promoted to thorough respectability when last year the state medical society endorsed the program.

Still, there is resistance to this form of treatment, among the police and particularly in the Maryland state prison system. That is where hundreds of addicts are, and that is where Man Alive has most recently turned its attention. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Fiction and Policy: The Hard-Worked Heroines

WOMEN IN SOVIET FICTION 1917-1964. *By Xenia Gasiorowska. University of Wisconsin Press. 288 pp. $10.*

THE FACE OF FIREBIRD (*in Russian*). *By Alla Ktorova. Victor Kamkin, Inc. 215 pp. Paper $3.*

SIMON KARLINSKY

Mr. Karlinsky is professor of Slavic languages and literature at the University of California. He is the author of Marina Cvetaeva: Her Life and Art *(University of California Press).*

"There have been numerous studies of male characters in Soviet fiction, both in the Soviet Union and in the West, but fictional women have been, by comparison, neglected. Yet, while heroines in Soviet fiction hold a position secondary to that of the heroes—just as human emotions in it rate lower than social duty—their role is significant and deserves attention." This, Xenia Gasiorowska tells us in the introduction to her absorbing examination of the position of women in Soviet literature (and, by extension, in Soviet society), was what prompted her to undertake the research that resulted in her book. The amount of reading she must have done is staggering: not only the exciting and colorful writers of the 1920s and the few rare works of quality produced by the more talented traditionalist Soviet writers in the following decades but the vast amounts of didactic, moralizing, propagandistic pulp fiction that have been steadily pouring off the government-controlled presses since the early 1930s, after the Soviet state became the sole publishing house in the country and imposed Socialist Realism as the only acceptable method of reflecting current reality in literature.

There are inherent methodological dangers in using imaginative literature as the basis for a sociological investigation, but Professor Gasiorowska has recognized and avoided them. She was less interested in what was actually happening to women in the Soviet Union than in the officially propounded, acceptable views of what was happening, and for that purpose Soviet fiction, with its admitted didactic, example-setting function (whether a given fictional character will set a good example for Soviet youth is a constant, obsessive preoccupation of the orthodox Soviet literary critics), is a primary source. In fact, the more conformist the writer, the clearer his or her work reflects the official climate of opinion in a given society. Bolstering her literary research with excursions into the social history of the period, the changes in legislation affecting women, and into comparable situations and characters in Russian literature of the 18th and 19th centuries, Xenia Gasiorowska examines the fortunes of four groups of women in Soviet fiction: the peasants, the proletarians, the Amazons (i.e., soldiers and militant revolutionaries), and the women of the urban intelligentsia. She traces the evolution and the mutations of each type from the October Revolution to the post-Stalinist thaw.

No previous upheaval in Russian history involved as many active female participants as did the Revolution. Women fought in the lines on both sides of the civil war and bore the brunt of the ensuing devastation and reconstruction. Like the other underground political parties that contributed to the toppling of the czarist regime, the Bolsheviks were officially pledged to support women's equality. Within a year after they came to power, the old laws on marriage were overhauled, making divorce available upon the request of either partner, and abortion legal and free of charge. The peasant women in the villages were urged to break their millennia-old subjugation to their drunken, violent husbands and their traditional enslavement to their in-laws. Special women's branch offices of the Communist party (*Zhenotdel*) were established in the countryside to encourage and supervise this liberation. Women factory workers and those of the former bourgeoisie and upper classes who were deemed salvageable were enjoined to assert their human individuality and to participate in the struggle for the revolutionary transformation of the country. The fiction of the period is full of peasant women getting the Communist message and casting off the yoke, and of rough, violent female warriors joining with their male comrades to smash the class enemy.

At the time of the Revolution, the Bolshevik party included in its upper echelon an authentic and influential women's liberationist, Alexandra Kollontay, the people's commissar of social welfare. In numerous theoretical and fictional writings, she championed total equality of women, including the abolition of the double sexual standard, communal raising of children and the emancipation of women from the drudgery of housework. Kollontay's more extreme notions, such as her insistence that a woman has just as much right to promiscuous sexuality, if so inclined, as any man, or her argument (expressed in the short novel *The Love of Three Generations*) that love, friendship, sex and marriage between men and women are four distinct phenomena which should be allowed to occur simultaneously, singly or in any given set of combinations between two or more individuals, frightened her male fellow Communists. Some of her ideas were violently denounced by Lenin, whose stolid, middle-class views on morality, sex and the arts are frequently overlooked by his present-day New Left admirers. Although Kollontay's writings continued to be published until the end of the 1920s, she herself was conveniently removed from the Soviet political scene after 1923 by being named to diplomatic posts in Sweden and Mexico. Since her death in 1952, she has been occasionally honored in Soviet memoirs and periodicals for her early revolutionary activities and her diplomatic services, but her pro-feminist writings are out of print, unavailable and de-emphasized.

The heady early days of female equality, when there was talk of former kitchen maids being trained to run a government, and when Mayakovsky predicted in a flight of poetic fancy that the time was not far off when any maidservant could arrange the eclipse of the moon or, if she preferred, of the sun, did not last beyond the first few years. The communal dining rooms which, it was confidently promised, would free women from their kitchen drudgery remained a dream, soon to be forgotten. The day nurseries, dear to the heart of Alexandra Kollontay, did materialize after some delay, but proved to be an efficient means of keeping women tied to their jobs at the factories and on the collective farms. The women's branch of the Communist party was dissolved in 1929.

The next generation of Soviet fictional heroines, Xenia Gasiorowska tells us, found themselves "awakening not to their rights, but rather to their duties." The fictional plots and situations of the early

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1930s reflected a multi-faceted retreat from the basic premises of the Revolution, a retreat that was actually taking place in reality as Stalin consolidated his power. The laws on divorce and abortion were tightened in 1926; by 1936 divorce was almost unobtainable, abortion illegal, and common-law marriages invalid. The 1936 constitution proclaimed the family to be the sacred foundation of Soviet society. The old Christian virtues of female endurance and submissiveness were refurbished, as were the old Protestant-derived notions of the sanctity of accumulative labor and the Victorian-age styles in prudery and Comstockery. All these 19th-century attitudes and values were presented as the latest in revolutionary and progressive thought and were made compulsory for the entire population.

The result was that the Soviet woman, both in fiction and in reality, found herself exactly where she was before the Revolution—in the subordinate role of homemaker and mother—but with one crucial difference. The women in Tolstoy and Chekhov, who may have been drowning in housework for the sake of their husbands and children, were not expected to hold at the same time a full-time job at a factory, a farm or a scientific institution, as the heroines of Soviet novels of the 1930s inevitably do. Professor Gasiorowska cites several fictional works from that period in which the woman, a crack housewife and mother (it never occurs to any husband in Soviet fiction to help his wife with the house chores), as well as a distinguished tractor driver, is rewarded by being taken to the Kremlin to meet the heads of government. Here is the heroine of Feodor Panfyorov's interminable four-volume novel, *The Village Bruski*, at the moment of her apotheosis:

> "Our feminine hearts are overflowing with emotions," she said, "and of these, love is paramount. Yet, a wife should also be a happy mother and create a serene home atmosphere without, however, abandoning work for the common welfare. She should know how to combine all these things, while also matching her husband's performance on the job."
>
> "Right!" said Stalin.
>
> "How she has grown spiritually," the lady's impressed husband thinks to himself.

This new Stalinist woman of Soviet fiction, fanatically loyal to the regime and docilely submissive to her equally loyal husband, is traced by Professor Gasiorowska through her vicissitudes during World War II, the repressive postwar Zhdanov period and the thaw that followed Stalin's death. The growing prudery is amusingly illustrated by examples of periodic rewriting of their novels and stories by the older Soviet writers. Thus in a story initially written in 1920, a burly Red Army girl takes a chance lover she meets in a freight car where she is hiding after a skirmish. In the morning she realizes that her new boy friend is a White officer, and when he tries to detain her, she kills him and "joyfully rejoins her unit." By the time the story was rewritten in 1953, all reference to intimacy between the two was deleted and it was the White officer who shot the girl when she tried to call her Red comrades. As a proper Soviet heroine, the girl is made both virginal and not unduly assertive toward a male.

DROP THE WIRES

How he thought
he could hold anything

the way a man will hold
what will kill him
unless he had the knack

what my father always said
electricians knew

and they say:
don't touch a dead man
one who has his hands on the wires

and it's not enough to know
you had to
I can hear my father saying

you had to let it go

Hugh Seidman

The chapter on "Career Women" in recent Soviet fiction is particularly astounding for its documentation of the female submissiveness and docility that officially approved Soviet writers offer for the reader's admiration and emulation. In a novel by Vera Panova, one of the finest Soviet novelists now writing, the heroine is an engineer, ill with pneumonia; her lover, a plant director, is leaving her alone in order to attend a business meeting in Moscow:

> It is going to be this way always. He will never give up anything in the name of love, will make no concessions. Giving things up, making concessions, conciliating, waiting will be for her alone. . . . She took his big hand resting on her hair and kissed it.

Premarital and extramarital sex was restricted to female villains and class enemies in the fiction of the 1930s, but by the 1940s sex became altogether nonexistent in the world of Soviet letters. The big news of the post-Stalinist thaw was the admission that such phenomena did occur now and then in the Soviet Union. In the late 1950s and in the 1960s, the heroine was occasionally allowed an extramarital fling, provided her husband was a soulless bureaucrat à la Alexis Karenin and that she was drawn to the other man by true love and not by mere appetite. Hard work at her job was the prescribed method for the heroine to atone for her transgression. Her infidelity is no longer interpreted by the author and the critics as a subversive, anti-social act, as had been the case in earlier decades. But a taste for modern art, and especially for Abstract painting (which in Soviet fiction is assigned the function given to alcohol in Prohibitionist tracts), remains the earmark of hopeless depravity. In another Panfyorov novel a woman artist who turns from painting collective farm scenes to abstractionism becomes hopelessly immoral and ruins herself and her family.

The one constant factor through all the transformations of the Soviet woman in fiction is the religion of hard work for the sake of the system, invariably shown as the ultimate salvation. The heroines of the 1920s were often depicted entering into competition with their husbands and lovers and proving their equality by superior mastery of a trade or a skill. Like Kollontay herself, the protagonist or the narrator of her novellas often occupies the upper rungs of the party or government hierarchy. But the ambitions of the career women of recent decades are more modest. They may run a collective farm or manage a hospital; that is about as high as the authors allow them to aspire. In a short story written by a woman in 1962, a Communist party executive crosses out two women's names from a list of candidates for party representative at a research institute:

> In textile mills, schools, hospitals, cafeterias, a woman, he granted, could do all right. But for a research institute or a plant—surely, there was no shortage of men in the party?

Xenia Gasiorowska's book, written with a great deal of wit and insight, is important in several ways: as a record of mutating Soviet mores, reflected in that society's official image of itself; as a demonstration of how important ideas can be replaced by their very opposites, without the world at large becoming aware of the substitution; and as an examination of some interesting guises and disguises that sexual chauvinism has assumed in our century. Added bonuses are provided by the author's many startlingly apt comparisons and juxtapositions, such as her perceptive parallel between the collective farm fiction of the 1930s and the depiction of peasant life in 18th-century Russian comic opera, and her numerous analyses of the unreal, imaginary fictional world that results from strict application of Socialist Realist methods to literature.

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The book covers the period up to 1964. Since that time, the two major novels of Alexander Solzhenitsyn have been published (but not in the Soviet Union), superseding, as it were, in their brilliantly vivid and believable portrayal of Soviet reality almost everything produced by Soviet fiction since the 1920s. Irina Grekova, an extremely appealing lesser writer who also writes articles on philosophy and logic for Soviet scientific journals, published in 1966 a volume of short stories (many of them appeared earlier in the journal *Novy Mir*), remarkable for their in-depth examination of the plight of lonely, aging intellectual women in present-day Russia. Some of Grekova's stories, including one that touched on the taboo subject of abortion, were attacked by the orthodox party watchdogs for ranging beyond the area of permitted subjects and attitudes. This did not stimulate a flurry of translations of her work abroad, as is usually the case, and it is a pity because she deserves to be better known in the West.

During the same period, those who care for modern Russian literature regardless of where it is published became aware of Alla Ktorova, the pen name of a young Soviet woman writer who in 1959 married an American tourist and was allowed to come to the United States with him. In 1963, there appeared in a Russian literary journal published in West Germany her short story, "Georgie's Alley," about a sentimental relationship between a girl teacher and a brilliant boy who is her pupil, which, except for its profuse use of Soviet teen-age slang, would not look out of place in some Soviet youth journal. But very soon Alla Ktorova's talent began maturing and expanding. Her subsequent stories that have continued to appear in *émigré* journals throughout the 1960s are quite unlike anything else in Soviet or *émigré* fiction.

Alla Ktorova's short stories deal with aspects of Soviet reality which cry out for fictional treatment, but which writers living in the Soviet Union would not dare touch. Among these are the subtle tensions between the Jews and Gentiles in a society that has been encouraging anti-Semitism for the last two decades while officially denying its existence. "Klara the Terrorist" is a rather horrifying tale of an irrepressible Jewish girl, framed for nonexistent crimes in the last years of Stalin's reign, sent to a labor camp and eventually amnestied by Khrushchev, and of the reactions of her family and her Gentile friends to her predicament. "The Little Clowns," in a more humorous vein, describes the lives of two aged Jewish sisters and their brother, loyal Communists all, living in retirement, who receive a visit from an equally aged female cousin from the Bronx. Alla Ktorova herself is not Jewish, but not since Isaac Babel has a Russian writer written of Russian Jews with more sympathy and less sentimentality.

Her first full-length novel, *The Face of Firebird*, takes up some of the themes we know from her short stories. As in many of those stories, the basic plot hinges not on a love affair between a man and a woman but almost invariably on a developing friendship between two women belonging to different social groups—Jewish and Gentile, an intellectual and a proletarian, an older woman and a young girl. The two heroines of *The Face of Firebird* are Vladilena (one of the newly coined names of the 1920s, in this case derived from Vladimir Lenin), a girl of proletarian origin raised by a distant aunt after her widowed father is deported to a camp during the purges, and Nika, nicknamed the Firebird, the daughter of a highly placed engineer whose family has retained its genteel, cultivated ways from before the Revolution. The cultural gulf that separates the Soviet intelligentsia from the working classes is forcefully brought out in the account of the two girls' growing closeness during their childhood in the 1940s. The differences are erased as the two grow up, attending the same schools and acquiring the same friends.

Nika's later story describes the predicament of a Soviet woman who wishes to marry a foreigner, a Frenchman in this case, and the ensuing ordeal by suspicion, denunciation and uncertainty to which she herself and everyone around her are subjected in such cases. Alla Ktorova may have drawn on her own experiences for this part of the novel or on those of several hundred other young Soviet women who were permitted to leave their country in the last decade or so to follow their foreign husbands, usually after protracted appeals to the authorities, diplomatic intercessions and the last-minute rescue of the lovers by a *dea ex machina* such as Nina Khrushcheva or some other benevolent wife of a high Soviet official quietly pulling offstage strings. (No man is ever allowed to leave the country to follow his foreign wife, which also says much about the equality of the sexes, Soviet style.) Nika's prolonged quest for an exit visa embroils her with a large group of comical and colorful minor characters and serves to bring into sharp focus a basic reality of Soviet life: the constant need to resort to subterfuge, bribery and other extralegal means in order to secure rights and commodities considered basic in most Western societies. She eventually settles in Paris, but desperately misses her Moscow friends and their ways. Vladilena marries a dull, ambitious young Soviet

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square, and has trouble adjusting to the materialistic, conventionally neo-bourgeois values of his family and friends.

The continuity of the novel is deliberately scrambled and it requires some effort to follow the sequence of events. In this, in the book's subtitle, "Fragments from an Unfinished Anti-novel," and in the use of coarse and vulgar expressions when the situation calls for them, there is a constant challenge to the conventions of Soviet fiction. This kind of taboo breaking is one of several things that mark Alla Ktorova as an authentically Soviet writer, regardless of her present place of residence. Her experimentation with narrative techniques derived from lyric poetry, her highly original fictional treatment of aspects of Soviet reality which admittedly exist, but which are barred to writers in the Soviet Union, her artistic exploitation of contemporary Moscow slang (which will make formidable the task of any prospective translator of the novel) all point to the ways Russian literature could take if the deadening strait jacket of prohibitions and prudery known as Socialist Realism were to be removed.

For all their differences, Xenia Gasiorowska's book and Alla Ktorova's novel have in common a major point that goes beyond their preoccupation with the situation of Soviet women. Both works ultimately depict a society frozen in its own outmoded myths. In the Soviet Union, it would be considered criminal to try to live up to these professed myths; but it is equally criminal to question or to defy them. □

Tvardovsky's Everyman

DAN LEVIN

Mr. Levin teaches creative writing and comparative literature at Post College, Long Island University. Among his books are Mask of Glory, *a novel of the Marines (McGraw-Hill) and* Stormy Petrel, *a study of Maxim Gorky (Meredith). His* Spinoza *has just been published by Weybright & Talley/McKay.*

"He is our best poet," the editor of one of the chief Soviet periodicals said to me, on the Moscow-Leningrad train. He meant Alexander Tvardovsky. A few weeks ago, on his 60th birthday, the Soviet Government gave Tvardovsky the Order of the Red Banner. This was primarily for his book-length poem *Vasily Tyorkin: A Book About a Fighter.* (In that context, "fighter" is almost the same as "soldier.") It was first published in 1947, and there have been several editions since, in hundreds of thousands of copies.

In America, Tvardovsky is known as the editor for many years of *Novy Mir* (New World), the foremost Soviet literary magazine. Earlier this year, under political pressure from hard-liners, he left that job. *Novy Mir* was long a refuge for independent thought. It printed Ehrenburg's jolting memoirs—an old man wanting at last to tell as much truth as possible; and Dudintsev's novel, *Not By Bread Alone.* It *almost* accepted Pasternak's *Doctor Zhivago.* Tvardovsky's was perhaps the most difficult editorial job in the world, and it overshadowed unfairly his poetic achievement.

His short lyrics are thoughtful, and written with grace. His style has been called "Pushkinian," which in Russian is like saying "Shakespearean." He uses traditional forms with a sharp felicity; few images; and no tricks. *Vasily Tyorkin,* however, was a major statement, and his stature rests on it.

Actually, there are two books* about Vasily Tyorkin. Without question, only the first was the ground for the Red Banner award. It takes a Soviet infantryman through the years of "The Great War for the Fatherland"—World War II —from the chaotic retreats and defeats at its start to the taking of Berlin. The style and meter Tvardovsky chose are those of the folk lyric or limerick—the *chastushka*: basically, stanzas of four or five lines, four trochaic feet alternating with three and a half ('-'-'-'- / '-'-'-'). He used the form flexibly, with many variations. And, somehow, it is still Pushkinian.

What emerges—without millennial theory or party-line glamour—is a convincing portrait of a common man. The method is, largely, humor; the theme is courage, love of country, acceptance of life. Tyorkin has roots, as few modern literary figures have. If the GIs of Mauldin or Ernie Pyle were cast in poetry, there might be a parallel; but this could not be done easily in an American setting, and Pyle did not have Tvardovsky's sophisticated gift or his philosophic scope. The Soviet novels (including Simonov's) that came from the Great War were curiously superficial. Tvardovsky's poem is that war's, and that people's lyrical (and deceptively simple) testimonial.

Tyorkin gets a week's leave, and finds his family has been destroyed in an air raid. Back in the line, he patiently listens to a fellow GI bitching about the loss of a beloved tobacco pouch. "Something like that happened to me, more than once," he consoles his buddy. "And I keep still." (*"Ya molchu"* conveys the meaning, also, of "I endure"; the whole poem is so idiomatic as to be untranslatable.) A reverence for humanity is transmitted. The war's awfulness conferred, ironically, an awareness of human courage, endurance and love of place. "Old-lady Russia/ We can't possibly lose you./ Our forebears, our children/ And their children, don't wish it." Surely, whatever the Russian past, the Tyorkins had sanctified the future—one might believe. A Soviet critic says this poem "remains one of the most loved and best known books of the people."

However, when Tvardovsky returned to his Tyorkin—as writers sometimes return after years to beloved characters—the time sanctified by sacrifices was long gone. Tvardovsky published *Tyorkin In That World* (in English, it would be The Other World, or the After World) in *Novy Mir* in 1963; it took up a good part of the August issue. His note at the poem's end reads "1954-1963." Thus the poem was begun soon after the death of Stalin. The famous "thaw" had set in, to culminate in 1956 with Khrushchev's secret speech to the Party Congress, exposing the dreadful purges and questioning the whole Stalinist heritage. The poem must have been put aside, and completed only in 1963, when the limits of liberty had been defined within a less brutal bureaucratic mold.

Inevitably, this Tyorkin poem is more complex and more political, and therefore "Aesopian"; the poet must keep a parable alive, saying one thing to indicate another. This poem is also, therefore, less successful as art. Yet it is more vital for another age, because Tyorkin now speaks for the poet, Tvardovsky, as often as for the Russian Everyman.

In this second manifestation, the soldier dies in battle, and goes to "That World." It is a bureaucratized, death-in-life kind of world run by the military. Tyorkin chances on an old infantry buddy (also deceased), who explains the System. To find a real place Here (that is, There), you must fill out forms in quadruplicate, assure the authorities constantly that you have no relatives "over there," swear you have never entertained wayward thoughts, and so on. Police agents are everywhere. Any creative expression is scrutinized, and degutted, by the red pencils of time servers and fools. In brief, That World is the mirror image of This World.

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* A. Tvardovsky: *Vasily Tyorkin: A Book About a Fighter.* Moscow, 1967. (Izdatel'stvo Detskaya Literatura.)
A. Tvardovsky: *Tyorkin in That World,* in *Novy Mir,* August 1963.

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No path open to eternity, within the system, without an examination by the system's doctors: they check the soldier's urine and his blood. An arrow: "Entrance"; but no "Exit" sign. "This, then, is Hell;/ the road back's shut." Eternal rest, in an eternal death. Tyorkin doesn't like this prospect much, but the alternative is an unhappy wait in a precarious, lonely "borderland." "I've got to tell you," his buddy tells him, "you chose a tough path. All because you tore yourself loose from the Collective—there's your trouble."

And the Leader, now in this Other World, still rules *that* World by remote control. He builds monuments still, Over There, to himself. (Stalin still binds to himself men who should have been freed by his death.)

The unhappy borderland (honest Tyorkin's only other choice) seems also, in the too dense parable, the mental area between East and West. "Two Worlds, two Systems, and the border is locked shut." Nor is all the bitter disappointment with the postwar world aimed at Russia. The sense that "capitalist" and "communist" are words, that each system mirrors the other and that all roads converge, broods over this second book about Tyorkin.

Tyorkin, it then turns out, was not killed but only badly wounded. That World was a wounded man's hallucination. In the medical tent, back on the battlefield, he revives. "May Tyorkin live a hundred years." The author tries to explain ("If I lied sometimes, it was for humor. I did not lie to lie"), but really cannot explain. Too much had happened in Tvardovsky's six decades. He had too much to say, and too much that needed to be said he could not say directly. Younger poets born within the system, without the emotional chains of old idealisms, are luckier, and can speak more clearly, but have less dimension.

He tried to create—and Tyorkin was ridiculed for it in That World—a divine comedy like Dante's. But without a mythology that is difficult; and in this self-made poetic system (Tyorkin was a self-made man), there is only a double-imaged Hell, and a shadowy purgatory of a borderland in which it is hard to live, and "no Paradise anywhere." Yet the two books about Tyorkin, taken together, mark Tvardovsky as the Russian poet who best combines skill, lyrical grace and substance. □

Griffith's Russian Fans

FILM ESSAYS AND A LECTURE. *By Sergei Eisenstein. Edited by Jay Leyda. Praeger Publishers. 220 pp. $6.95. Paper $2.95.*

D. W. GRIFFITH: The Years at Biograph. *By Robert M. Henderson. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 250 pp. $7.50.*

ROBERT SKLAR
Mr. Sklar is the author of F. Scott Fitzgerald *(Oxford) and editor of* The Plastic Age: 1917-1930 *(Braziller). He is currently writing a cultural history of the American movies.*

In 1919, miraculously, a print of D. W. Griffith's *Intolerance* appeared in revolutionary Moscow. The film was enormously popular with Soviet audiences. According to legend, Lenin saw it and immediately cabled Griffith an offer to head the Russian film industry. Young Soviet film makers screened *Intolerance* again and again, absorbing Griffith's editing and camera techniques. The brilliant achievements of the Soviet silent film, as was freely acknowledged, were founded on the fortuitous influence of the great American silent film epic. Yet to most film critics and ordinary moviegoers the Soviet directors—Pudovkin, Dovzhenko and particularly Sergei Eisenstein—are more securely rooted as major figures in motion-picture history than is the man whose example launched their careers.

The reasons why are not difficult to grasp. Griffith's films have been less readily available for public viewing. No biography of his life or even a comprehensive critical study of his films has yet appeared—nor did Griffith himself write on film technique or aesthetics as did the Russians, exemplified by this latest collection of Eisenstein's *Film Essays*. Moreover, Griffith's inactivity after the advent of sound encouraged the belief that his film-making powers had declined, or that his style and imagination had become obsolescent in the modern era—beliefs that would have been more readily disputed had he been accorded the biographical and critical attention his importance merited.

But at the heart of Griffith's ambiguous historical standing lies the very issue by which the Soviet directors were eventually to proclaim their independence of his influence. He was an intuitive director, they said, who attained his impressive effects as if by instinct; through systematic and rational application they had transformed his technique into an aesthetic far more comprehensive

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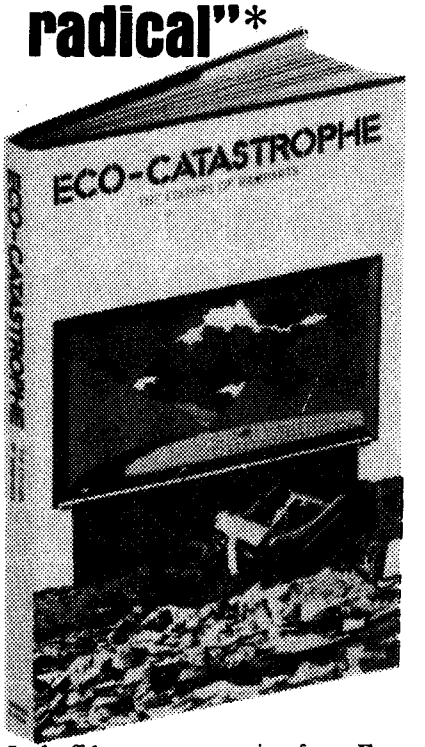

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and powerful. Griffith lacked, in short, the theoretical equipment that might have enabled him to develop his methods to their full artistic and social significance.

Eisenstein himself put it most succinctly in his essay on Griffith in *Film Form*, still the most perceptive critical account of Griffith yet written: "In social attitudes Griffith was always a liberal, never departing far from the slightly sentimental humanism of the good old gentlemen and sweet old ladies of Victorian England, just as Dickens loved to picture them. His tender-hearted film morals go no higher than a level of Christian accusation of human injustice, and nowhere in his films is there sounded a protest against social injustice."

Anyone who has seen *Intolerance* knows that Eisenstein is quite wrong. Early in the modern story, one of four parallel episodes in *Intolerance*, a strike is called at a factory. With medium shots and close-ups, in the "switch-back" editing that was soon to be called *montage*, Griffith establishes the forces of conflict and confrontation: the strikers in one series of shots, heavily armed soldiers in the other. Then Griffith cuts suddenly to a long shot encompassing the two opposing forces in the same frame for the first time—the strikers at the lower left edge of the screen, the soldiers at the upper right, and between them, open space filling most of the screen. The shot has a stunning emotional impact, conveying through purely visual form the warfare between workers and the state. It is one of the great examples of true cinema, and also a brilliantly effective protest.

Yet Eisenstein was also right about Griffith, because Griffith never created a fully sustained social protest film in the manner of Eisenstein's great silent movies, *Strike*, *Battleship Potemkin*, *October* and *Old and New*. As the four parallel episodes unfold in *Intolerance*, the modern story of social injustice is subsumed by the theme of human injustice in universal form, ancient and modern. Even in his most effective social commentary films, like the neglected silent of 1923, *Isn't Life Wonderful?* Griffith includes love interests and other complications which, though perfectly proper by the canons of dramatic structure, inevitably tend to dilute the social message.

Eisenstein, in contrast, learned to be single-minded. In one of his earliest and most pointed essays, "The Method of Making Workers' Films," translated for the first time in *Film Essays*, he described his montage method as a technique to produce "a socially useful emotional and psychological affect on the audience." This, he said, was the film's content. *Strike*, thus, is "an accumulation of reflexes without intervals (satisfaction), that is, a focusing of reflexes on struggle (and a lifting of potential class tone)."

What rescues such manifestoes from meaninglessness is Eisenstein's artistry. Indeed his fundamental historical importance lies in the unity of his art and his ideology. Men who were ideologues without being artists—on both the capitalist and Soviet sides—hindered and frustrated his work. But he held on to his fundamental belief that artistry is the primary requirement for Socialist or revolutionary art. No essay in this new collection is more fascinating than "Problems of Composition," a stenographic transcript of one of his last lectures. Eisenstein leads his students through a passage from a Soviet novel, showing them how the author buries his significant detail in an excess of insignificant detail. It is an essay that artists in all media can learn from; and it applies directly to Griffith's case as well.

Robert M. Henderson's study of the director's early career provides an essential start to a full understanding of Griffith's place in film history. Griffith was a stock company actor in his mid-30s, with few prospects when he began directing films for Biograph in 1908. Over the next five years he was to make more than 400 one- and two-reel films for Biograph, developing at the same time the techniques that were to become the fundamental syntax of motion-picture aesthetics: parallel cutting for suspense, closer and more varied camera angles, multiple shots of the same scene, back lighting and many more. In 1913 he left Biograph because his employers were discouraging him from making longer films. Thereupon he went on to direct *The Birth of a Nation*, *Intolerance* and the great silent features of the post-World War I years.

Henderson's valuable book is as much a source work as a critical study of Griffith's early films; like Griffith himself, Henderson leaves in too much—not only the names of every actor in the company but the names of the wagon drivers as well. The chief failing of the book is its slighting of the four-reel feature Griffith made in 1913 before leaving Biograph, *Judith of Bethulia*. *Judith* marks a great turning point in Griffith's career, focusing for the first time all his developing ability to make the motion picture a work of psychological and emotional force, and in a *concise* epic form. But it was Eisenstein rather than Griffith who perfected the short, direct epic as a vehicle of social purpose. □

'The Bickel Negatives'

THE SUPREME COURT AND THE IDEA OF PROGRESS. By *Alexander M. Bickel. Harper & Row. 210 pp. $6.50.*

ROBERT B. McKAY
Mr. McKay is dean of the New York University School of Law.

Alexander Bickel, Chancellor Kent Professor of Law and Legal History at Yale University, is one of the ablest interpreters of the Supreme Court of the United States. In earlier essays he has plunged deeply into constitutional history, sometimes to reinforce, sometimes to criticize judgments of the Court. But always he writes perceptively and with style. These skills were combined in his excellent and influential study of the Supreme Court, *The Least Dangerous Branch*, published in 1962. While some might disagree with the principal thesis of the book—that the Court, an essentially impotent body, should restrain its impulses to reform—none can deny that his statement of the position is the one that must be met and answered. His new book is also important, although now the tone is more negative; or at least he shows his disappointment that the Court has continued to disregard his warnings.

Professor Bickel is generally recognized as the most important apologist for the doctrine of judicial restraint since the death of Mr. Justice Felix Frankfurter (for whom Professor Bickel served as law clerk from 1953 to 1955). It was therefore appropriate for the Harvard Law School to invite him to deliver the prestigious Oliver Wendell Holmes lectures in October 1969. It was equally appropriate that the lecturer should make a further statement of his differences with the prevailing philosophy of the Court majority, a lament, if you will, that the Frankfurter view of the judicial function had failed to carry the day. Finally, it was appropriate for all of us who could not attend the lectures to wait with eager interest their publication under the title, *The Supreme Court and the Idea of Progress*. Critics and supporters of the Court alike should not be surprised at the contents, for

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we know much of the views of Professor Bickel from his writings, testimony before Congressional committees and letters to the editors. He has, in short, been activist in pursuit of his non-activist goals for the Court.

Professor Bickel is best known for the things he is against: reapportionment of legislative bodies as a constitutional requirement; direct election of President and Vice President; the vote for 18-year-olds, at least as authorized by act of Congress; the Court's subjective (as he sees it) use of history, and (rather surprisingly) further use of judicial power for implementation of school desegregation. All these are discussed intelligently, although sometimes a bit sourly, in the present book; and each deserves more comment than is here possible; but at least something must be said of each in a moment.

But first it must be said in fairness that the book is not all negative. There are affirmations, and at least one acknowledged hero, Mr. Justice Frankfurter, whose retirement in 1963 is said to have "measurably contracted the universe of judicial discourse." Indeed, in some ways this is a book about Frankfurter, or at least about his views which live through effective restatement in this volume.

Professor Bickel's principal theme —that the Supreme Court should stay out of matters better left to the political process—recurs throughout the lectures, particularly in connection with his special distaste for the *Reapportionment Cases* and related decisions affecting Congress, state legislatures and local legislative bodies. But here he is whipping a very live horse. Once the Court had concluded in *Baker* v. *Carr* (1962) that individual voters could challenge legislative action that limited their participation in the political process, the rest followed logically, if not absolutely inevitably. Now, eight years later, it is difficult for most of us to understand why that decision was so long delayed. It seems so fundamentally right for the Court to recognize that the federal judiciary not only could but should inquire into such distortions of the representative function of government that most find it hard to agree with Frankfurter and Bickel in their contrary view. Although the Court has recently shown little inclination to extend the principle of one-man, one-vote to forbid gerrymandering (as I believe it should), there is no evidence of retreat from the salutary protection judicial review has provided against severe malapportionment. In this instance Bickel's wistful looking backward is academic, in the full pejorative sense of that word.

In view of the author's strong criticism of the Court for interfering with legislative judgment in matters of reapportionment and redistricting, it surprises me that Bickel also rejects the doctrine of *Katzenbach v. Morgan* (1966), which involved one of the most extraordinary examples of judicial restraint in Supreme Court history. That was the case in which the Court sustained the constitutionality of section 4(e) of the Voting Rights Act of 1965 as a valid exercise by Congress of its power to enforce the Fourteenth Amendment by invalidating the English literacy test required by New York State, even though, in the absence of a declaration by Congress, the Court would not have held the literacy requirement unconstitutional. The Court deferred to the Congressional judgment that the New York provision, as applied primarily to disenfranchise Puerto Rican voters, amounted to a discriminatory denial of equal treatment. In so doing the Court did not overrule the decision of a few years earlier, *Lassiter* v. *North Carolina* (1959), holding that literacy tests were not unconstitutional on their face as a qualification for voting. The sole difference was the intervention of Congress to forbid the particular literacy test used in New York.

When he rejects this manifestation of judicial restraint, Bickel necessarily takes the next logical step of denying the power of Congress to reduce the voting age to 18 in all national, state and local elections, arguing that a constitutional amendment would be required for the purpose—as did President Nixon when he reluctantly signed that act of Congress. Although the 18-year-old voting issue is not directly discussed in this book, the issue is of course the same because of Congressional reliance on the *Morgan* doctrine; and it would be surprising if the Court should now reject that doctrine, even though it is arguably harder to find discrimination against all citizens between 18 and 21 years of age than against Puerto Ricans required to read and write English as a qualification for voting. But that is really the point of the holding in *Morgan;* the Court is likely to accept any rational Congressional definition of what is unequal treatment of persons Congress believes should be treated alike.

The most interesting aspect of the current debate on the validity of the 18-year-old voting statute is the line-up of constitutional authorities on both sides. Bickel, joined by five colleagues at Yale Law School, individually and collectively identified with liberal causes, has argued in *The New York Times* and in Congressional hearings that the Court should strike down the statute, thus supporting a conservative result with an activist judicial position. Meanwhile, Professors Paul Freund and Archibald Cox at Harvard Law School have both attested the permissibility and desirability of the legislation. Will the real activist (or "strict constructionist") please stand up?

A further puzzle in Bickel's lexicon of values is his continued preference for the electoral college and his rejection of the notion of direct election of President and Vice President, the objective of a constitutional amendment which might yet be put to the states in time to secure the necessary ratifications before the 1972 elections. President Nixon's wariness of the proposal was perhaps understandable, at least until George Wallace returned to the national scene with re-election as governor of Alabama apparently assured. It is more difficult to understand Bickel's misgivings about the amendment or why he thought it appropriate for discussion in a book about the Supreme Court, which is not involved at all. That is clearly an example of the political process at work, and the issue, in large terms at least, is one of faith or lack of faith in representative government.

Perhaps the answer to all the questions one has about the Bickel negatives lies in his uneasiness, almost amounting to mistrust of the democratic process. He believes that legislative bodies should be allowed to reapportion and redistrict as they will, subject only to correction in the political forum; that the franchise should not be extended to the young or to those not literate in English; and that minority groups, particularly in the more populous states, should retain at least some veto power over selection of the nation's Chief Executive through the anomalies of the electoral college. (This last is a point Bickel has argued more extensively in a 1968 paperback called *The New Age of Political Reform.*)

The only surprise in the present book is the evidence of Bickel's growing disenchantment with judicial intervention in behalf of school desegregation. It was he who made the most eloquent and persuasive defense of the Supreme Court's original interpretation of the Fourteenth Amendment in *Brown* v. *Board of Education* (1954). But now Bickel appears to fear that the Court has gone too far, or has managed the process of desegregation badly, or both.

The Supreme Court and the Idea of Progress, for all its lucid intelligence, is curiously backward looking. The exposition is brillant, the viewpoint oddly

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cynical, and the total impression negative. There are even suggestions, never quite explicit, that the Warren Court (roughly the period when Chief Justice Warren presided from 1953 to 1969) was less skillful, less explicit in reasoning, and less honest in its use of history than were other Courts in earlier days. But such nostalgia for an unidentified past requires location in time. Surely, there is no regret for the period during which Chief Justice Vinson presided, probably not for Stone or even Hughes, certainly not for Taft or his several predecessors during and following the Civil War. Surely not Chief Justice Taney and his sorely divided Court. John Marshall, then? If that is the comparison, probably Earl Warren and his colleagues will not complain too much. And they may fare well enough in the judgment of history. □

THEATRE / Harold Clurman

London

There are new plays of sense and sensibility to be seen on the London stage: more than I recently found in Paris, more than I saw in New York last season.

I designate the English plays in this mild fashion; London reviewers employ a more enthusiastic vocabulary, and they are probably right to do so. Very few superior (not to speak of "great") new plays are ever to be seen anywhere at any time. Anything above the trivial—anything that adds even a little to the sum of our pleasures—is to be cordially welcomed at the moment of its emergence. The higher criticism comes later.

The London plays I refer to are enhanced by admirably professional acting. To be "professional" is to possess proficiency in conveying a dramatic intention with the maximum clarity, intelligence and arresting effect. There is a level above such acting: it is inspired acting, a profoundly personal expression that flowers as though unmotivated by the actor's conscious will. Such acting transcends definition in technical terms or in the coin of commonplace critical encomia. It is the fourth dimension, the poetry, of acting.

The performances in London were at times so brilliant that they made me forget momentarily the possible existence of something more. That "something" is even more rarely attained nowadays than is the composition of important plays. American actors do not appear frequently enough in a diversity of parts and thus have less opportunity—even where there may be the capacity—to achieve the goal I have in mind; English life is more formalized than American, and while that is in some respects an asset, it is for acting a considerable impediment.

The old forms are now breaking down in England and that, to some extent, explains why the English stage for the past twenty years has been producing a greater number of interesting actors. The quality of English acting has greatly improved since the time (1901) when Max Beerbohm found it possible to say, "We have a few good English actors. Very few indeed. Most of the good actors in England have some strong taint of foreign blood in their veins. . . . As a general rule, Englishmen cannot act. . . ."

Of the new plays the two I found most absorbing were *The Philanthropist* by 24-year-old Christopher Hampton, and *Home* by David Storey, whose *The Contractor* I discussed in *The Nation* of July 6. Both current plays were first produced at the nationally subsidized Royal Court Theatre. The first is still at that small house; the second has moved to the West End.

What is most noteworthy about *The Philanthropist* is not its smooth and witty writing, nor the unexpected turns Hampton uses when excessive wordiness threatens to strain our attention, but the creation of a character which is usually accounted undramatically flaccid and which Hampton has nevertheless made entirely worth concern.

He is called Philip, a professor of philology, but no fool. The author is at ease with such folk and does not treat the type as an oddball. He neither reveres nor condescends to the man. Theatrically speaking, what is special about Philip is his mild nature, awkward but gracious, kindly without gush, good without self-consciousness; but he has one marked flaw: benevolence to the point of indecisiveness.

He is therefore a loser. He goes to bed with a girl he does not desire, because she insists on his doing so and he does not know how to refuse her. He loses the girl he wishes to marry because she is rendered insecure by his lack of will. He wants everyone to like him, is indeed terrified by the prospect of loneliness. But his very amenability makes his acquaintances doubtful of his brain and/or his good faith.

We are not urged to commiserate with him; we even laugh at him. Yet we do feel for him, seeing that he lives in the 1970 jungle in which his virtues are not apt to win even the most modest prizes of companionship or marriage.

Though constantly engaging, the play is yet immature in craftsmanship. It begins by way of a prologue with a funny but irrelevant *coup de théâtre*, and continues with reams of conversation, amusingly representative of smart talk in educated London circles. At first I thought that what I was to see was a sophisticated version of a Neil Simon comedy. But in the latter half of the play—particularly in the passages where Philip is confronted by the girl who has seduced him only to find him a dud—and then by the girl who gives him up because of his unassertiveness, the evening comes into happy focus. There is later some further overdiscursive wobbling but the final moments are perceptive and touching.

Alec McGowen as Philip gives what for me is his best performance to date. In *Hadrian VII* his mastery at making points was hailed as supreme artistry—everything was immaculately framed for our self-congratulatory appreciation; in *The Philanthropist* he creates a real person.

David Storey's *Home* extends this dramatist's dim view of "things as they are." In this play, however, the picture is more abstract and more "poetic" than in *The Contractor*. The atmosphere—well caught in the bare setting—is gentler and more muted.

I call the treatment "abstract" though the audience appears to accept it as realistic. For the "home" of the title, though we do not know it at first, is an institution for the mentally disturbed, people given to some more or less harmless but probably incurable aberration. At the same time this "home" may be construed as England or, quite baldly, the world today.

At the center of the play stand two elderly gentlemen, who seem to be meeting casually at a glum seaside resort. They exchange banalities, desolate and ludicrous; they hardly ever complete a thought and when they do, how lamentable, self-contradictory and laughable it is. They yearn for communication but each dwells in a realm of which only the periphery touches that of the other. They are of another time—the "older generation." They are in awe of their country's achievements; they marvel uncomprehendingly at the new strides in scientific and technological discovery; they recall the geniuses of the past—Darwin, Newton, et al.—but nothing within sustains them and all without is barren. Their lives are shadowy dreams, shattered memories. From time to time, without apparent cause, they quietly weep.

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Pitifully, one laughs at them and ruminates, "Yes, this is typical of much that we too have seen, apart from the certifiably lunatic sphere." The horizon here is even less fleshed than are those with which Pinter has acquainted us. How pathetically bleak is the picture. But, I must confess, I do not fully believe in it: even the dullest beings have more substance, greater density of experience.

Near-farcical traits are drawn in the presentation of two women inmates of the asylum. They are less "symbolic." They may be likened to colorful cartoons of cockney characters. In these there are sudden intimations of violence and suicidal bitterness. Contemporary youth is limned in the image of a boy maimed by an operation which has removed part of his brain. He is nothing but brute muscle. His only address, to man and woman alike, is: "Do you want to fight?" spoken with no real hostility.

All this might become depressing, not to say monotonous, if it were not lightened by humor—saturnine, but still funny—and softened by an ambience of regret and restrained compassion. The acting, above all, saves the evening from oppressiveness. Ralph Richardson's natural dreaminess, his charmingly wan presence, which suggests a spirit that wanders far off to heaven knows what area of the unnameable, contribute immeasurably to the occasion. The music of his voice, the stress and rhythm of his speech, turn the most ordinary lines to magic and mystery. Thus the play as a whole comes to weave a spell which somehow consoles. Opposite him, John Gielgud is one of the "stately homes of England" in tears. The man appears heartbroken through a faint awareness of some unspecified fault. The two actors play together like masters of chamber art.

I have alluded to the overheated praise of meritorious new plays. On the other hand it strikes me that the National Theatre's *Hedda Gabler*, directed in part by Ingmar Bergman along the lines of his original Swedish production, has been underestimated.

Certainly Ibsen did not mean his Hedda to be as unmistakably neurotic as Bergman has made her. I myself once called her a "normal woman"—and perhaps, too, Ibsen's Lovberg would not have manifested his passion for Hedda in so directly physical a manner as Bergman has him do. Still, this interpretation of the play makes sense without abusing the fundamental import of the author's dramatic thought.

The action takes place on an almost empty stage, divided in two by screens. The screens are dun red, either to match the color of the theatre's walls or to establish an emotional tone. One-half of the stage is the inner room into which Hedda retires when she wishes to escape company, but it is also the locus of her inner self. At the very outset we see her in a convulsion of despair, already contemplating suicide. The other half of the stage, containing nothing but a sofa and two chairs, is the area of Hedda and her husband's social exchanges. While the stark setting diminishes the impact of the bourgeois burden which is part of Ibsen's meaning, it sharpens the play's formal structure and lends it a fierce tension.

Indeed intensity, almost melodramatic in its insistence, is the keynote of the production. Though I have seen the play countless times, I have never before been so thoroughly gripped by it.

The anguished dialectic of the characters' minds are envisioned as in the light of an X-ray. Elements which make Hedda part of her time and have much to do with her plight fade in this staging. Facets of her 19th-century romanticism—when she speaks of Lovberg with "vineleaves in his hair," for instance—are eliminated, as is almost everything which lessens the sense of the play's contemporaneity. Hedda here is a woman destroyed by her self-repressed libido as much as by the pressures of middle-class convention which Ibsen indicates plays a large part in her undoing.

Maggie Smith, a comedienne born, would not seem to be the right person for the role, but she is an exceptional actress. She does not possess the physical prowess for certain of the emotional climaxes; nevertheless, she makes almost the most vivid Hedda I can remember. It goes without saying that she brings a special wit to the personage—wit gleams in Maggie Smith—but she captures Hedda's frustration and pain as well. Her Hedda is an exposed nerve. □

ART / Lawrence Alloway

Public works of art are usually attached to institutions or new buildings, whether in a large lobby or a narrow piazza. In the last three years, however, nearly twenty murals have been placed in normally dilapidated sites. Everybody in New York must have seen one or more of these huge, bright Abstract paintings that sheer through the cluttered houses and grimy walls like a knife through butter.

These murals constitute an art of the exposed end walls of row buildings, above vacant lots serving as temporary car parks, and other spare surfaces. The technique of their making is that of sign painters working directly on brick walls, though billboards have reduced the importance of that kind of advertising. The craft still exists, however, and at Cooper Square, looking south, you can see, on the right, an Abstract painting with four thick zigzags, like slow lightning, spanning a house from floor to roof, and next to it, on the left, a vast ad for a music publisher, also painted directly on the wall. The artist is Robert Wiegand who, like Jason Crum, Alan d'Arcangelo and Tania, uses the technique of hand-painted ads to attain huge scale for Abstract designs.

What are the artists' motives in executing large-scale public art on the basis of personal initiative? Doris Freedman, who backed them when she was director of New York's Department of Cultural Affairs, suggested that "the artists wish to establish direct lines of communication with the community and to end their traditional isolation from the mainstream of civic activity." One of the group, Tania, said that part of her satisfaction is that a mural, though conspicuous, is not a marketable object, subject to manipulation by art galleries. The murals are put up in this fashion: a possible site is located, the owner is approached and, if he agrees, the painting is paid for by a fund or an individual. A flat fee of $1,000 covers—but only just—materials, labor and the artist's time.

The group's spirit of opposition to

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marketing techniques and their energy in giving art an urban context, has perhaps an analogy with the Park Place group. That was a cooperative of artists: they showed first in a loft in 1963, then in a large downtown gallery two years later, keeping decisions in their own hands and always looking for routes to social activity. Incidentally, they pioneered the SoHo (south of Houston Street) area. There is not only a moral and social link with the attitudes of Park Place but a stylistic one. The artists of both groups have made extensive use of modular forms. A module is theoretically infinite, with no center, so that an easel painting done on a grid has a potential for extension. This has been realized in the articulation of big spaces by various uses of standard units in the murals.

Jason Crum, who has made the most murals, relies on basic grids, each section of which carries bright clear color. This can be seen at 140 Church Street where he painted a wall fronting the street, and in the park playground at Second Avenue and 29th Street. In the latter, the lattice of the two murals on the corner site is echoed by the jungle gym and the architectural fittings. At 187 Third Avenue, beside a pulverized waste lot, is a cark park above which is a mural. The module here is wittily staggered, cued by the slope of the roof, so that the red, yellow, green and blue rectangles seem to slip across the wall. Crum's best pieces, however, get away from the grid and into stacks of rippling forms: in the playground under construction at 198 East 7th Street and the pair of paintings on the south side of Houston Street at West Broadway. Color in the murals has tended to be of unrelieved brightness, but Tania makes a decisive departure from this monotonous cheer in a mural at Mercer and 3rd Streets, composed of a subtle but absolutely clear succession of black, white and grays, with subordinate slices of yellow, red, blue and green, each appearing only once. This work, 163 feet high, is also a climax of wall painting's modular form, with its combination of regularity and spatial kinks.

The earliest of these murals was done in June 1967, by Alan d'Arcangelo at 340 East 9th Street. It is painted on one side of a narrow lot where a row house has been scooped out. It is not Abstract, but depends on a playful use of visual clichés, purified by a narrow color range. Above a formalized frieze of spears of green grass is a field of sky blue with a curvy white cloud; and, hovering on that, like an emblem, are striped forms derived from street barriers. This use of vernacular forms was not followed up, owing to the pestige and convenience of the grid, though d'Arcangelo has this year done a second illusionistic mural, on the side of an apartment house beside a playground on West 64th Street (between West End and Tenth Avenues). A new member of the group, Mel Pekarsky, has painted, also this year, a mural at the junction of Mulberry and Lafayette Streets, above a gas station and a subway entrance. He uses black outlines, and deep browns, purples, yellows and solid white to create a topical pastoral image.

Since all these murals are temporary, hard to preserve whether they are in areas due for renewal or total collapse, there is no reason not to use current popular idioms. At Third Avenue and 10th Street, near Crum's staggered grid, a "squatters' park" has been improvised by an additive piling up of images and slogans. Across from Crum's first mural at 324 East 9th Street, is a house called "Juliette," recently painted blue, pink and green. Close by, floral psychedelia creeps up the house fronts from basement stores, and Robert Indiana's "Love" has been hand-copied and blown up on 3rd Street. Possibly some of the resources of vernacular image-making will be incorporated in the next phase of murals, if the group rotates its members, as it is pledged to do. It is now incorporated as City Walls, Inc., a nonprofit company.

One of the differences between public and private art is iconographical. Privately produced art is the sole projection of the artist himself and needs no public content; or rather, familiarity with a sufficient number of an artist's works will provide, by cross-reference, a content by induction. Public art, however, cannot expect to interest a large, casual audience on this basis. Take the situation in Madison Square Park: high upon a wall, on the southwest corner of Madison Avenue and 26th Street, is a geometric painting by Nassos Daphnis. The sequence of color bands around the blue center is red, blue, yellow, white, blue, red, and can be seen through the trees, but the park also contains monumental sculpture, notably Saint-Gaudens' monument to Admiral Farragut.

The monument situated closest to the Daphnis, however, is a statue of Chester Alan Arthur, twenty-first President of the United States. He stands, dressed in a modern suit, a book in his hand, before a Greek Revival chair heaped with drapery. In conjunction, the furniture and the man convey an easily legible reference to classical authority and to modern energy. Such references give this work and other later 19th-century sculptures in New York City a strong public presence by drawing on a common knowledge of symbols. Successive kin bands of color or modular patterns, which echo systems of architectural construction in terms of a decorative overlay, do not have a public content. They embellish "ugly" points in the city, but that merely reduces their content to being a symbol of sensitivity and control in a squalid or untidy environment. This aestheticizing function needs to be coordinated with a public content, if the ambitions of a social art are to be fully satisfied. There is a risk that public art without a public iconography, and in the absence of a strong sense of the artist's identity and his work's internal logic, will resemble Basic Design rather than art. (Basic Design is to painting what a jungle gym is to sculpture.) Possibly the use of clichés and emblematic forms, indicated by d'Arcangelo and Pekarsky, may solve the problem in a way that Abstract design principles cannot be expected to do. □

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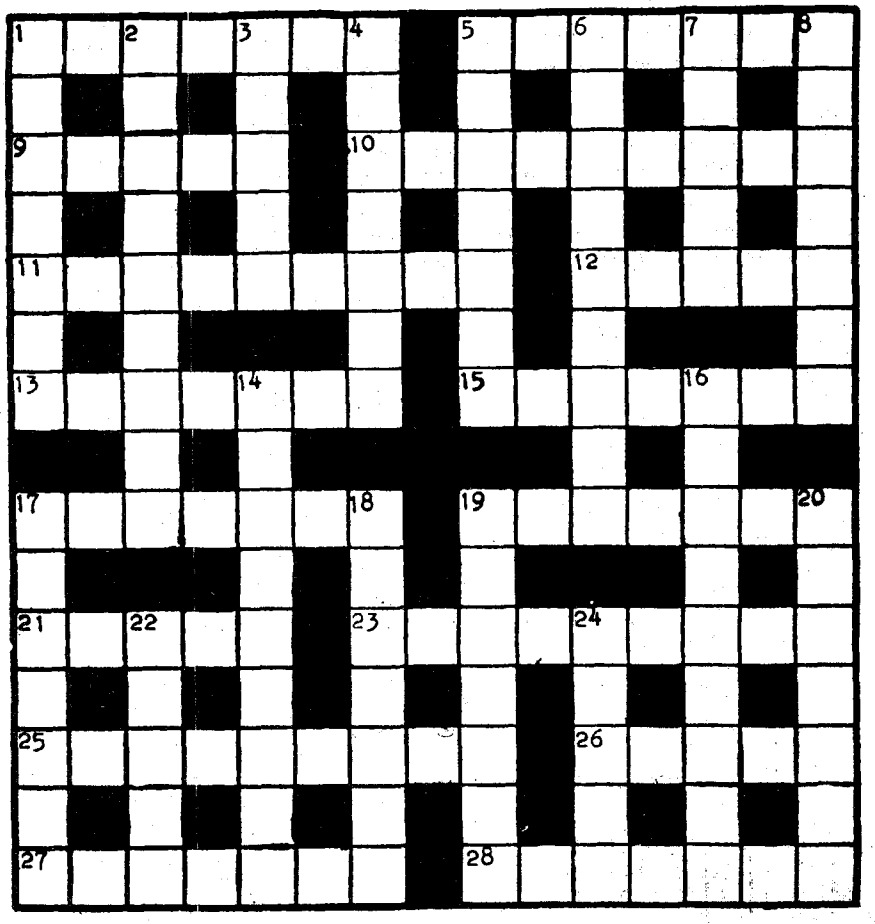
FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Mr. Turner at home in this city? (7)
5 Old Portuguese money that keeps the wheels turning, by the sound of it. (7)
9 Diet of this is not necessarily for the birds. (5)
10 A little light when 9 this? It's only a lingering impression. (9)
11 The direction of flight? (2,3,4)
12 Follow the small type, to make a petition. (5)
13 Such covering is great on the feet possibly, but sounds dangerous in the swamps. (7)
15 Obviously a parent of pride. (7)
17 Sticks to an implement commonly associated with a detective. (7)
19 USSR has different horsemen, of course. (7)
21 The construction of the Deacon's Masterpiece was based on it. (5)
23 Sets apart, but a local construction project has a set-back. (9)
25 An unusual viol, tuned in rather complex fashion. (9)
26 It shows the sound is short, but might be equivalent to two whole notes. (5)
27 The beam gets hurried around, and well watered. (7)
28 Sailed just for the fun of it with a cad, they made out. (7)

DOWN

1 Not the old common food served up with a sauce. (7)
2 There might be a turtle or so with the plant here. (9)
3 27 perhaps, with socks. (5)
4 Such people should be committed! (7)
5 Woven fabric goes in almost everything, particularly for the early part of the day. (7)
6 The type that just steals away? (9)
7 He's an Islamic devil! (5)
8 Such as Tom should be able to make a pile! (7)
14 In accordance with accepted principles of the CIA, they'll make this. (9)
16 Bill is probably one of authority, after this. (9)
17 They might be cut by water. (7)
18 How Satan sat in *Paradise Lost*. (7)
19 Fourth, for example, as the target of retiring types, with nothing to cover the inside. (7)
20 Stop, for a period, when we come up to get rid of our money. (7)
22 One might come with the present. (5)
24 Rather dicey? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1359

ACROSS: 1 Cephalic index; 9 Manon; 10 Extricate; 12 Milksop; 13 Wired; 14 Extortion; 16 Assessors; 18 Notch; 19 Twosome; 21 Catfish; 22 Overblows; 23 Ocala; 24 Tax assessment. DOWN: 1 and 18 Commonwealth of Nations; 2 Punctures; 3 Annexed; 4 Ideas; 5 Intimates; 6 Driller; 7 X-rays; 8 and 11 Deep in the Heart of Texas; 14 Erogenous; 15 Intricate; 17 Shoebox; 20 Overt; 21 Caste.

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